

# MOVIE CLASSIC

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Kay Francis

MARLAND  
STONE



# The One Minute Cough Drop



## TIME IT! PROVE IT!

**T**RY these modern cough-breakers. They have the authority! They get results! They'll check a bad coughing spell in one minute by your watch. It isn't just their fascinating flavor alone that won the public to Cough Drop Life Savers. They have a lively, delightful medicating action fully as effective as spraying your throat.

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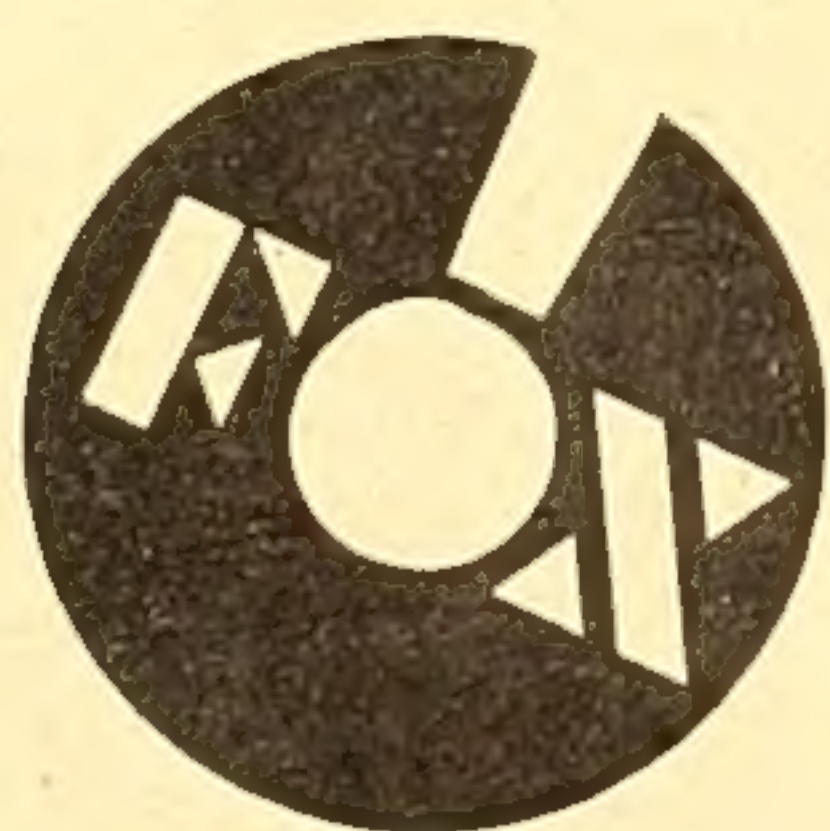
IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE



# The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

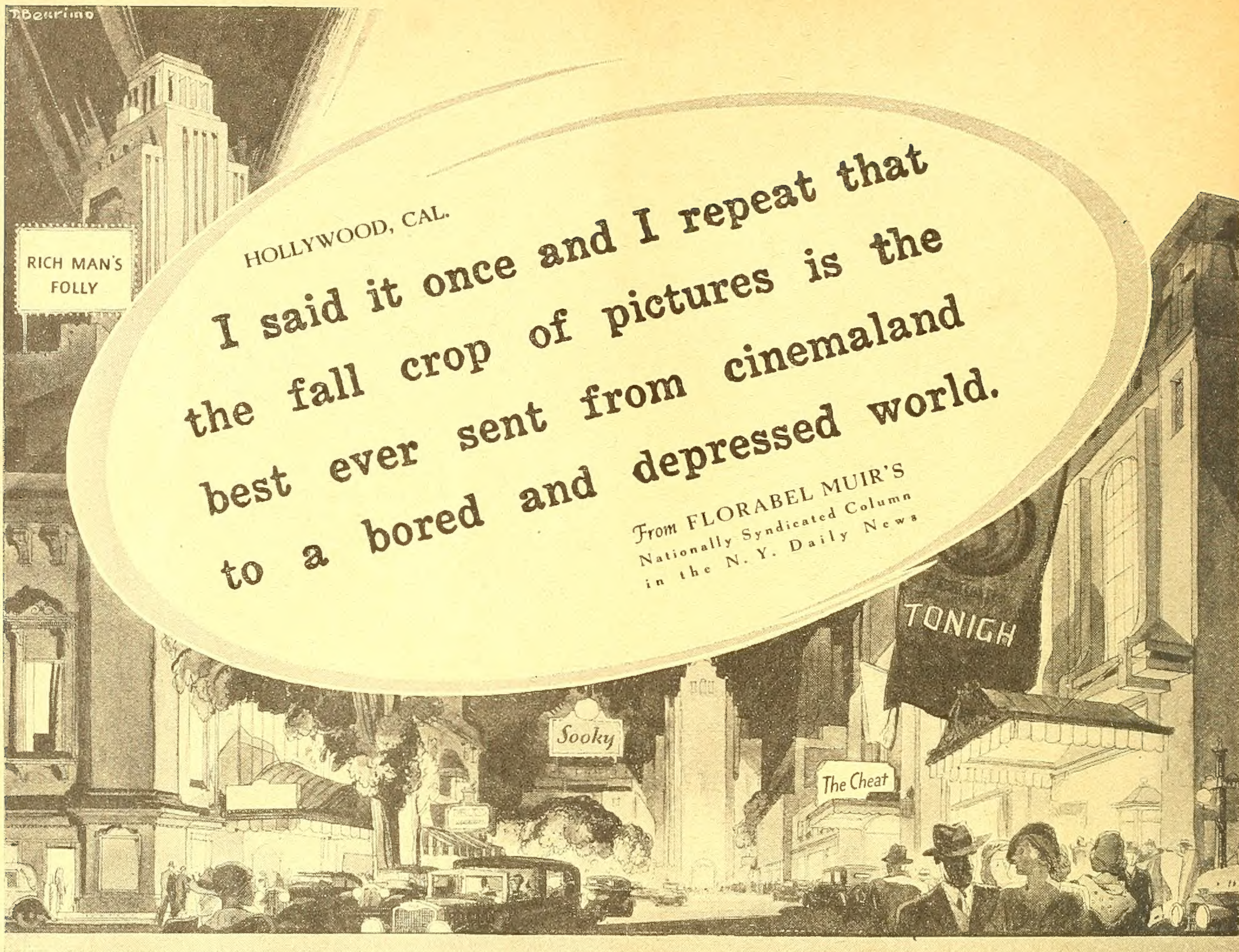
WATCH  
FOR  
THESE  
TWO  
GREAT  
PICTURES  
FROM



## OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!





*and most of them are*

**P A R A M O U N T !**



**"24 HOURS"**

with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins  
and Regis Toomey

*Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield  
Directed by Marion Gering*

**"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"**

With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles  
Vivienne Osborne. *Directed by Lloyd Corrigan*

**RUTH CHATTERTON**

*in "Once A Lady" with*

Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr  
*Directed by Guthrie McClintic*

**"TOUCHDOWN!"**

With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack  
Oakie, Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett.

*Directed by Norman McLeod*

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! *"If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"*

*Paramount Pictures*

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# MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. I No. 4

DECEMBER, 1931

## THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

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# BETWEEN OURSELVES

IT seems to me that Hollywood has muffed a great opportunity to do something for the unemployed. Not one single studio has dramatized the depression and turned out a picture to awaken—really awaken—America to the tragedy of idleness. No studio has told the story of even one of the millions of men who were working two years ago and are not working now.

MAYBE such a story would be too somber on the screen. Maybe people don't want to be reminded of little real-life tragedies. But isn't it time they *were* reminded—particularly the capitalists and the politicians? Isn't it time we all realized there are Six Million Unemployed in these United States—and found other ways than slow-moving and fleeting charity to help them? And what medium could arouse America's emotions so much as a dramatic motion picture?

FOR those who are lucky enough to have the price of theater tickets, the movie magnates are about to make a number of cheerful little dramas calculated to make you forget—for an hour or so—that times are hard. You are going to see plenty of comedies this winter, hear plenty of music, and face a regular barrage of happy little romances. All is to be sweetness and light, and you're to kid yourself into thinking, "All's well with the world . . . ."

TO give credit where credit is due, however, practically every theater in the country is giving benefit performances for the unemployed. The week of November 18-25 has been set aside by relief agencies as National Motion Picture Week, and theater profits are to be turned over to the National Unemployment Relief Fund. Go to your movies that week and help the unemployment situation in your town! And if your neighborhood theater isn't joining in the movement, it's up to you, personally, to find out why.

YOU can't pick up a paper these days without learning that some screen star has either been secretly married for lo, these many months—or has just been discovered on the verge of marrying on the Q. T. It's an epidemic. And isn't it slightly silly—when all parties concerned are of legal age and supposedly mature? Can you blame some of the boys for suspecting that the reason for many of the "secret" weddings is that they make better publicity when the news does break?

LESLIE HOWARD, the brilliant young Englishman who has acted circles around most Hollywood leading men during his brief stay in the movies, has returned to the stage. "Health" is given as his reason, and perhaps that is the explanation. Certain it is that he turned down big contract offers in leaving the talkies flat. But if producers had given him the breaks he deserved, I suspect he would not

have deserted. It is a reflection on Hollywood that he did not get along faster. Point out, if you can, any other actor who has given such effortless and believable performances in the last year as he has in "Outward Bound," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Five and Ten" and "Devotion."

THE evening following Thomas Edison's funeral, the lights of Hollywood and other cities were dimmed for one minute in tribute to the man who made movies possible. It is interesting to recall how he did it. He obtained the first crude "moving picture" by placing a group of ordinary box cameras in a long row. A figure went past the row. As it passed each camera, the shutter was clicked. The negatives were fastened together and projected on a screen. Thus, movies.

I LIKE this new idea of M-G-M's of putting two or more stars in the same picture, and hope other studios will do likewise. It ought to make for better all-around acting. You'll see Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery together in "Private Lives," Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Possessed," Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"—and then, if their varying temperaments can all be soothed, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and John Gilbert in "Grand Hotel." Who wouldn't go to see such a picture—even if only to see which gentleman was favored by the Garbo?

FOR the first year since the earthquake, the producers haven't gone rah-rah this fall. The number of collegiate drahmahs has been very small—and could have been smaller by about two with no one shedding tears. Hollywood at last has learned that you and I would rather save our quarters and see a real game on Saturday, than watch one of Hollywood's last-minute-touch-down affairs any other day in the week. Let's give a cheer for dear old Hollywood!

SPEAKING of comedians, have you caught a glimpse of Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante? He's funnier than all four Marx Brothers, or the Four Hawaiians, either, for that matter. He's insanely funny, uniquely funny. His looks help a lot, but he wouldn't make you burst your vest if he didn't have a gorgeous sense of wit. And, unlike most hard-working clowns, he's just as spontaneously funny off the screen or the stage. It's a sure sign that he isn't high-hat.

*Larry Reid*





Get acquainted with  
**JOE E. BROWN**  
*The Clown Prince of the Talkies*  
in  
**"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"**  
with DOROTHY LEE  
Based on a play by  
J. C. and Elliott Nugent  
Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR



# Movie Classic's Letter Page

## Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

### The \$20 Letter Pictures Need Taming

I READ somewhere that Mary Pickford said she would like to direct pictures. That's an idea! Perhaps then we can get good, clean wholesome pictures that won't make us blush. She occupied an enviable position in the movie world for twenty years. Why?—Cleanliness. That's the answer. I nominate her for a similar position to the one now occupied by Will Hays. And, by the way, where is the Board of Censors? Have they lost or misplaced their scissors?

For playing in indecent pictures, I believe the prize should go to Joan Crawford, with Norma Shearer running her a close second; although Norma keeps her dignity while Joan has absolutely no regard for hers. Norma portrays shady ladies, acting like a Grand Duchess and Joan portrays respectable ladies, acting like a hussy.

I wonder whether we will hear of the stars who portray such rôles twenty years hence? You and I know the answer. They will sit idly and see some director usher them into quick oblivion. We would like our screen ladies to be good—once in a while anyway.

Let's have "The Sheik" with either Clark Gable or Ramon Novarro in the rôle. Either would be splendid. Then, can't we have some of the other good old costume pictures as talkies? We've had quite enough of gang warfare and indecent society dramas and I believe a little Mid-Victorianism for a change would help the pendulum swing back.

HERMAN NICHOLS,  
Biloxi, Miss.

• • •

### The \$10 Letter Musicals More Than Welcome Again

WHERE has it been all my life? This 25c magazine masquerading under a 10c price? I think it's great—everything about it.

Who was it anyway who started this gossip about the world being fed up on musical pictures?

F'rinstance—the combination of two such glorious voices as are possessed by Bebe Daniels and John Boles—or the sweet, low voice of Gloria Swanson—or, again, that inimitable singing of Maurice Chevalier's! I ask you—wasn't there a much better taste in your mouth after having heard these artists than there was after sitting thru a rip-roaring gangster picture?

And yet—producers gathered the idea somewhere that all this beauty must be sacrificed—the public wanted something else—gangster pictures, if you please. Oh, Producers, Producers, somebody sold you a gold brick! Look before you leap!



This is the branding scene from "The Cheat," Tallulah Bankhead's new picture, with Irving Pichel applying the branding iron. Miss Bankhead gives one of the finest performances of her career and we warn you not to miss it

We need musical pictures, if for no other reason than to counteract the column after column of gangster stuff that is thrust upon us by the newspapers.

MOVIE CLASSIC, from some items in your latest issue, I take it that we are soon to have several such pictures! Hurray! Things are looking up!

VIOLET KINNE,  
Rock Island, Ill.

• • •

### The \$5 Letter Now It's Up to Marlene

THREE cheers for MOVIE CLASSIC! It's built like a newspaper with all high-lights headlined! I like the set-up very much indeed; it's easy to read and decidedly well worth reading.

But tell us: Isn't Paramount making a mistake in its new handling of Dietrich whom your Carol Benton calls its "greatest star"? What does she mean "greatest"? Is that appellation the result of the flood, very costly flood, of publicity with which they floated the fair fraulein into public notice? We have had "Morocco" and "Dishonored" in neither of which did the so-called 'Magnificent Marlene' do more than display her gorgeous legs!

She, the German marvel, was to back the silent Garbo off the screen, she was to show the world what dramatic ability really

is and to date she has stared into space, holding Joe Stern's black cat in her arms, has displayed her pedal extremities from every conceivable angle and smiled quite the loveliest smile I have ever seen. All of which is quite all right but hardly to be termed "genius."

Give the girl a break! Stop cramming her down the public throat with adjectives; if she is an actress give her a rôle which calls for more than hosiery advertising; let her prove her right to be billed above Ruth Chatterton or Nancy Carroll as Paramount's greatest star!

MISS KAY YARBOROUGH,  
Washington, D. C.

• • •

### Gable on Way to Stardom

A PROMINENT writer recently said that Clark Gable is the type of lover that men as well as women like to see on the screen. Generally speaking, Rudolph Valentino did not appeal to men as strongly as to women. For that reason, it is my belief that Gable will become more popular than Valentino, provided he is handled right. It is certain that he is to become a big star.

One picture, "The Four Horsemen," elevated Valentino, almost overnight, to stardom. I hope that such a thing does not happen to Gable. It will be far better if his rise is gradual. In this way, he will build a firm foundation upon which stardom may rest with security. Then, his position as a star will be lasting.

EDWARD CANNON,  
Columbia, S. C.

• • •

### Our Eugenies Off to Una

LET'S do some handclapping and loud hurrahing for Una Merkel. She's a little devil of a picture stealer and none of us minds it a bit. Janet Gaynor had to look to her onions in "Daddy Longlegs" or our friend Una would have completely obliterated her. Her accent is priceless, her actions cute, and—well—she's just a swell little comedienne. Way down here we give the Georgians the "merry ha ha," but our Empress Eugenies go off to Una Merkel.

PAULA BERC,  
West Palm Beach, Fla.

• • •

### Came the Dawn

I MUST have been asleep all this time. I just discovered MOVIE CLASSIC and oh, what a discovery! I didn't know there could be such a fine movie magazine for only ten cents. Depression or no depression I'm going to buy MOVIE CLASSIC from now on. You can bet I'm going to try and get the first two issues which I missed.

Just a word about that fascinating per-

(Continued on page 82)



# Name This Girl

## Win \$1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay \$1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and \$500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this \$1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

### Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this \$1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

### \$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, \$500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the \$1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that \$500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

### Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this \$1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This \$1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this \$1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as \$4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY

CO-ED, Inc., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 126, Chicago, Ill.

The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

Date I read this advertisement \_\_\_\_\_

My Name is \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

**RULES:** This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of Co-Ed, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. \$1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by Co-Ed, Incorporated. An additional \$500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 126, CHICAGO, ILL.



# N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

## GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

**T**HERE are more rumors floating around concerning a rift in the married life of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. than there are relatives of producers on studio payrolls.

If you believe half of what you hear, Joan Crawford is practically in Reno, and Doug has the new spouse all spotted, with the money saved up for the license. Doug danced several numbers in a row with Hope Williams at a recent party. The next day Hollywood buzzed with the news that Hope was the vampire who had lured Doug from his home and fireside. Then Hope paid a call on Joan at the studio, and it turned out they had been friends for a long time. No more scandal there than in a Quaker meeting.

Both Joan and Doug deny all rumors vehemently. Doug almost froths at the mouth at the mere mention of any disagreement.

Joan, however, is taking positive steps to end the stories. There are well-authenticated reports that she will increase the population of California by at least one small soul. (Twins do happen, you know.)

That is one way of spiking the rumors. Pretty drastic, I'd say, and not always effective even if it is the little che-ild who joins the hands of mammy and pappy in the last reel of the picture.

**M**Y goodness, but babies are getting commoner than super-productions in Hollywood. Norma Shearer and Bebe Daniels sort of gave it social *eclat*. If this keeps up, no self-respecting feminine star will be photographed with a horse or a dog. It'll be babies or nothing.

Even Lilyan Tashman says firmly that she is going to have a baby. Maybe she'll have it next year if she isn't too busy.

I'm just waiting to see Lil wheel Eddie Lowe, Jr., or maybe it will be Edwina, Jr., into the Embassy for luncheon.

On the other hand, I think Lil should change her mind about it. After all she has established herself as a leader of Hollywood styles. It would set a dangerous precedent for her to follow slavishly a style set by other actresses.

**G**RETA (I Tank I Go Home) Garbo has a new trick up her sleeve. When "Mati Hari" gets around to your "moom-pitcher" theater you will see the Divine (adv't.) Garbo cutting some fancy capers. She has been busy rehearsing her steps for days, and everybody at M-G-M,

from producers to prop boys, itches for a glimpse of the Garbo workout.

An uneasy thought sort of dampens my enthusiasm for this world-staggering event. Mati Hari, if you believe what you read in books, was not particular as to the amount of clothes she wore when dancing. There is one instance when they say she didn't even have a shimmy to shake.

Greta will just have to be careful, that's all. Will Hays might get her if she doesn't watch out. Come to think of it, there have been few pictures of Garbo showing any exciting amount of epidermis. When she first came to the studio she made some publicity stills in a track suit. Ziegfeld never made any offers as far as I know. Since then, Garbo, just like a football team, has worked "under wraps."



Richee

Here is Judith Wood carrying out the spirit of Thanksgiving in her costume, her prayer and her turkey. Anyone would offer up a prayer to be given such a hefty bird and Judith is praying that it's well-cooked and has plenty of tasty stuffing

**T**HE other day Norma Talmadge gave a birthday party for Brother-in-law Buster Keaton. The *piece-de-resistance* (French for big moment) was a birthday cake the size of the Yale Bowl, all iced up and with at least seventy candles on it. Buster blew 'em all out in one breath. He isn't an athlete for nothing.

It sort of recalls another occasion when Buster was asked to cut the cake. He did cut it, and then fell in it. Awfully funny, but hard on both the cake and Buster's clothes.

The party at Norma's turned into a regular family reunion, with Constance arriving back from five months in Europe that very day.

**W**HEN Chester Morris was appearing on the Broadway stage he was cast in a certain play which abounded in long speeches. One actor would get started on something which rambled along like a political address. The other players would try to think up enough acting business to keep the audience from wondering if they had been sent over from the wax works.

Finally it was Chester's chance to spiel. As he started he saw three very drunken young men staggering down the aisle. They had front row (center) seats, and proceeded to scramble over knees to get to their places. At last they settled down to comparative silence. Chester had been talking through it all.

The drunks listened patiently for ten minutes. Then, up they struggled to their feet again, climbed over a dozen

(Continued on page 64)



His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.

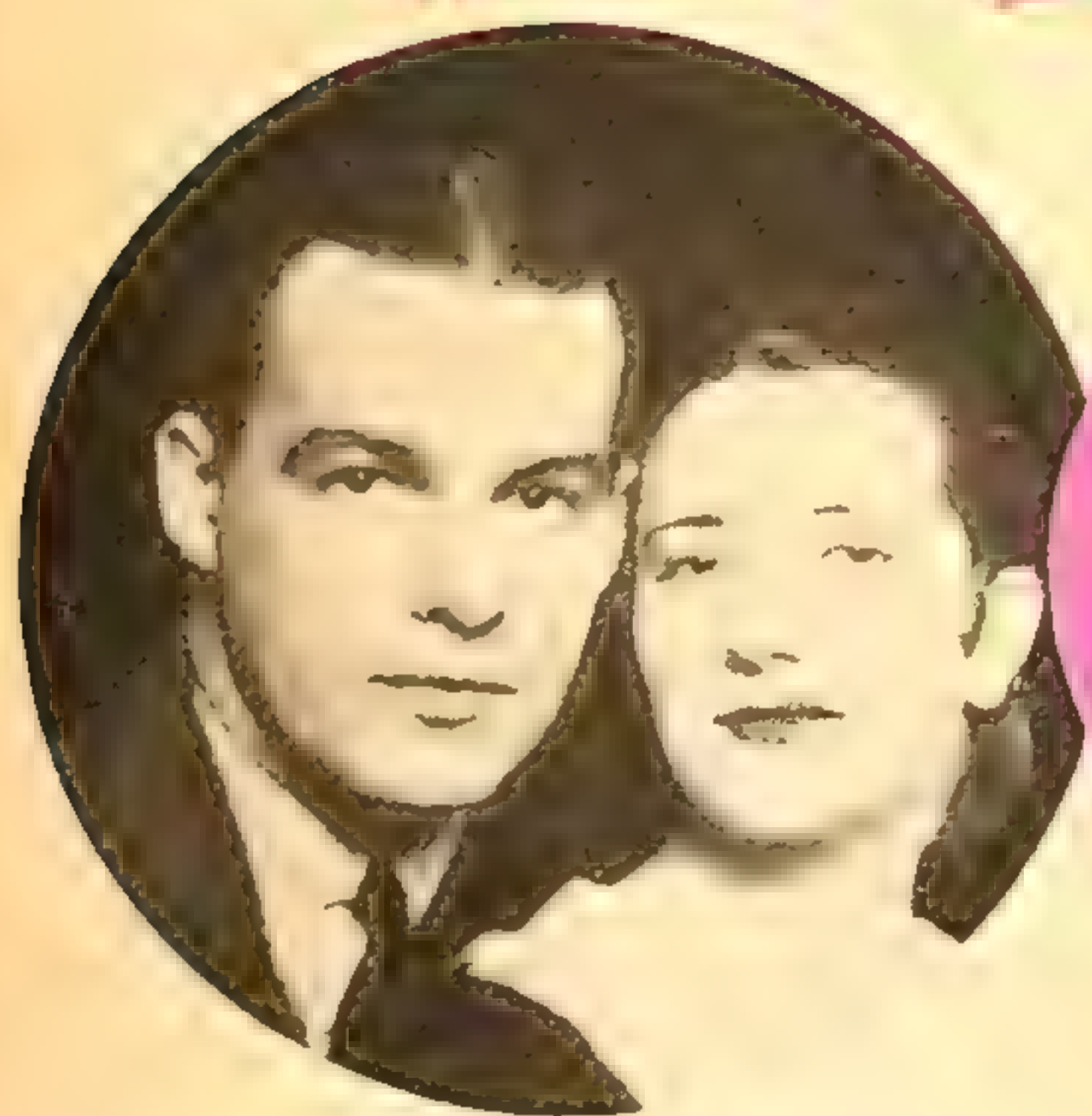


Alfred

LUNT

Lynn

FONTANNE



Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

*The*  
**GUARDSMAN**

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS  
From the play by Ferenc Molnar  
Screen play by Ernest Vajda  
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy  
of the Theatre  
Guild, Inc.

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE**



# Anonymously Yours

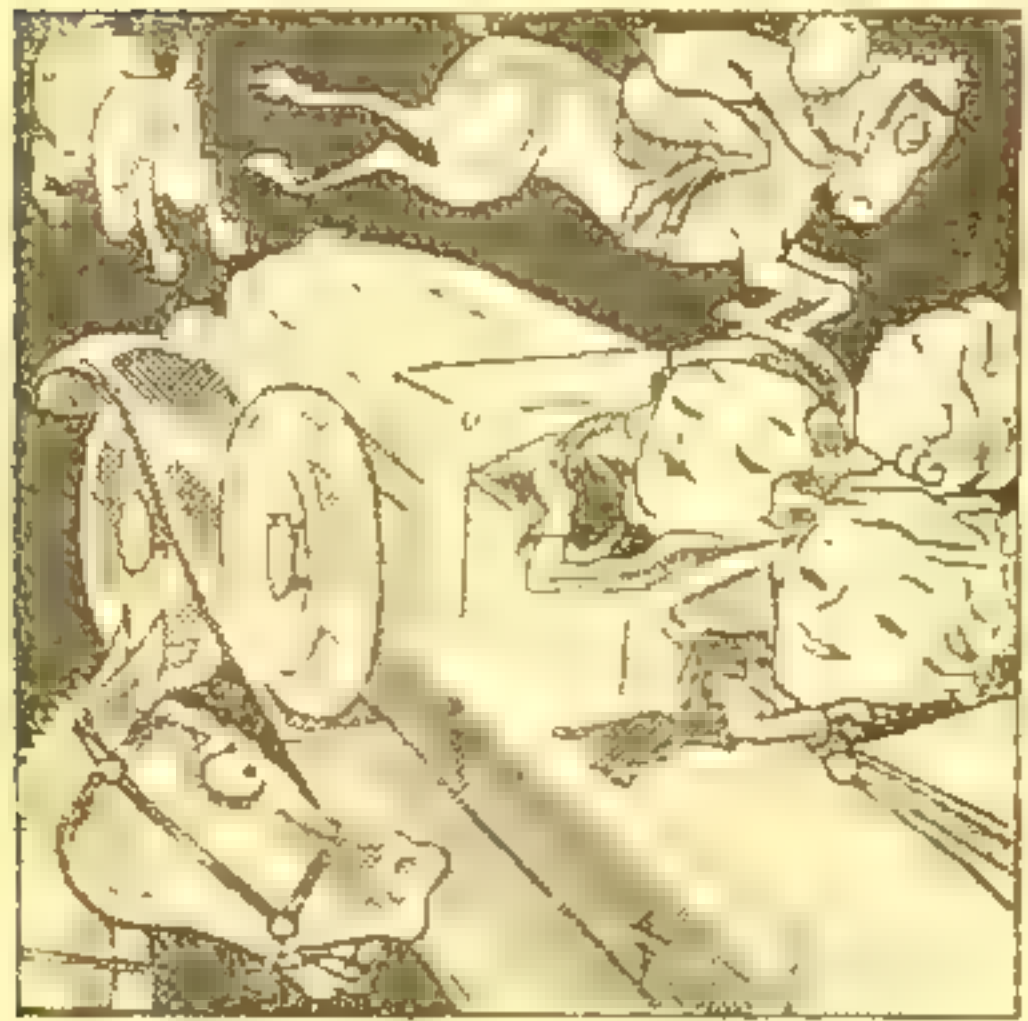
By CHOLLY HOLLYWOOD

ONE of the bigger studios finds itself in the deepest quandary of the week. Some time ago they fired one of their top executives—he wasn't related to anyone—and started hunting high and low for a man brainy enough to take his place.

The hunt, Hollywood being Hollywood, took time. In the meantime the big boss got pretty worried for fear the studio would fall apart. Then a stenographer pointed out to him that everything was going along just as it always had, and when he investigated this proved to be true.

Now they're wondering just what the top official did with his time, and why they hadn't fired him long before.

\* \* \*



SPEAKING of drinking, the girls got together the other night and had a party. All their husbands had been partying around, leaving them at home, and they were tired of it. Many film stars, many wives of film stars, were among them. Over cocktails, they talked things over. Over wine, they sympathized. Later on, they wept.

Then one of them, the oldest of three sisters well-known to film fans, and another girl got into a car and drove it down the bridle path in the middle of Sunset Boulevard, while the radio in the machine played—most appropriately—"Nearer, My God, to Thee"!

\* \* \*

EVERYBODY is talking about the new boy-friend of one of the most glamorous stars in pictures. At first they thought him very rich. He had a lot of clothes, and yachts and estates here and there were mentioned. All the other girls were jealous, until a fellow showed up who had known him in Europe, where it appears that he had acted as the escort of an elderly lady who liked to be taken places and was willing to pay for it. Now they don't know whether to envy the star her acquisition or not. Gigolo songs are not so popular as they were a few months ago.

\* \* \*

WE'VE told you about one "hen party" of the month. Another occurred that was not so gay. A beautiful brunette who plays vamps and rivals Lilyan Tashman with her swanky clothes gave a mixed dinner party the other night. After coffee, the women went upstairs to primp and the men, talking by themselves, found out that they were missing one of the best prize-fights of the season.

Off they sneaked to the fights, just as if they had been ordinary fellows like anyone else, instead of film stars. When the hostess came down she found herself surrounded by lonely wives. "I'm not giving a smoker for women," she stormed. She added that she had wine-d them, and dined them, and if they were silly enough to let their husbands walk out on them, it was their own fault. She didn't care for the exclusive company of her own sex and she was going to bed. Home went the wives—and that was the end of one gay Hollywood evening.

A CHARMING actress tells this story on herself and the fellow who used to be called the screen's greatest lover. They worked on the same picture together for weeks and never spoke. Hadn't been introduced, or anything. Then it came to the ears of the s. g. l. that the actress had called him a word much too naughty to find a place in this column. Raging, he rushed to her for an explanation. She said she hadn't called him the naughty word at all. "I just said you were a ham," she added. Mollified, he accepted that for an apology and they became the best of friends.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER actor, a fair-haired young man lately promoted to stardom, belies his screen character by making love to every woman he meets. In his pictures he makes love in a very gentle and poetic way that is supposed to appeal to the mother instinct in woman. In real life he goes up to women at parties, if they catch his fancy, and brusquely tries to kiss them. He doesn't care whether they are married or not, or even if they are willing to be kissed—and they say he has been kicked out of more houses than any other fellow in Hollywood.

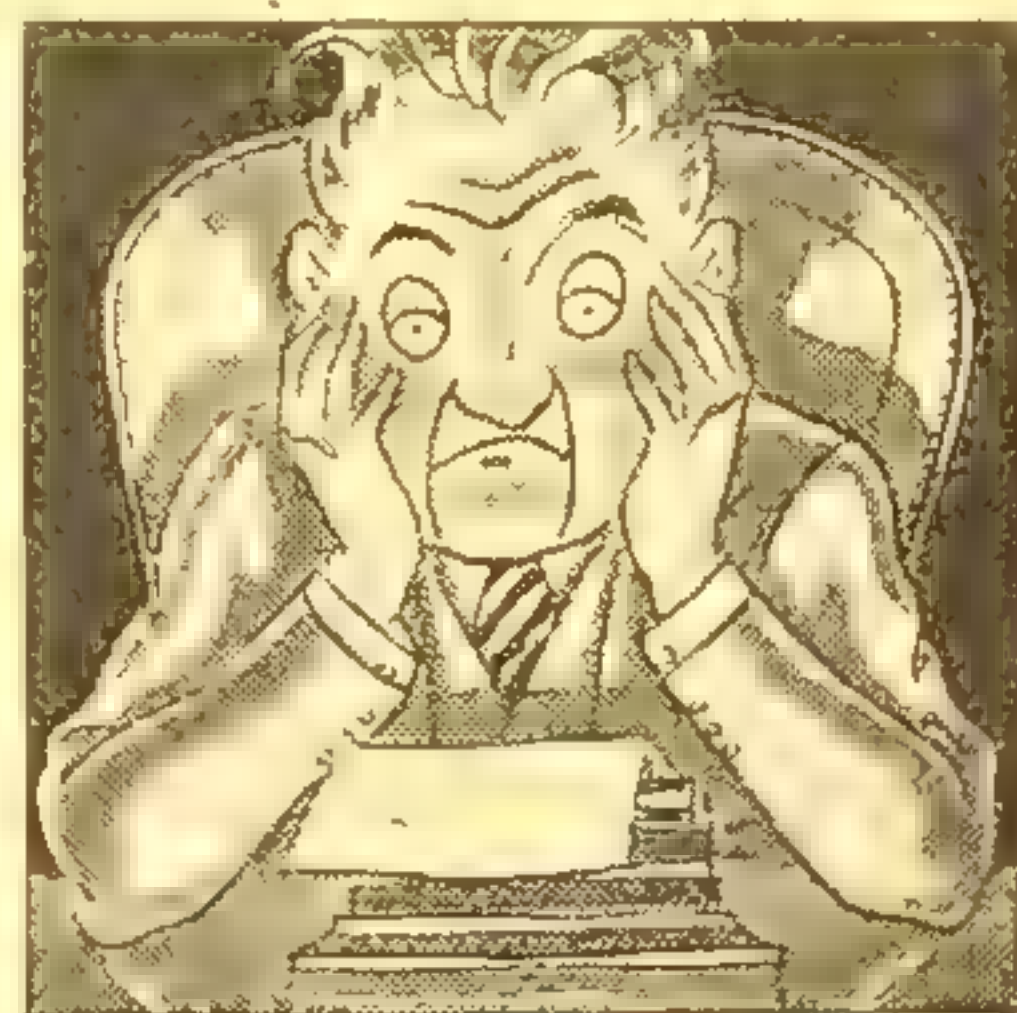
\* \* \*



THIS column keeps harping on the "beautiful blonde dancer brought from Broadway to star in musical comedy rôles." Things are always happening to her, or perhaps she just tells them amusingly. She has an admirer who acts as a sort of bodyguard. He follows her around everywhere and they are the best of friends. But certain times when he has been pretty much underfoot she is apt to demand gloomily—"Do you suppose I got drunk the other night and married him?"

\* \* \*

SILLY tale of the gossip writer who went to a party and told all the guests—just for the fun of it—that he knew something about a star who was a friend of theirs. Story was sensational, he added, though it wouldn't do the star




any good with his public. The next morning the friends started 'phoning the editor of the gossip's magazine advising that the chatter writer be fired. Instead the editor raised his salary—believing he had something really dirty to tell. Tragic finale: writer had been drunk at the party and can't remember whether he ever had a story about the star in question or not.

\* \* \*

THE favorite son of M-G-M went, with his wife and a few others, to the gambling tables at Caliente last week. He likes to risk a bit; his wife doesn't care for the idea. She limited him to fifty dollars. Promptly he lost it. She smiled grimly. That was that.

(Continued on page 69)





IS THERE A  
SUBSTITUTE  
FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes  
PRESENTS

*"The AGE FOR LOVE"*

• As interesting as "Hell's Angels" — as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"

• It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem—should the young wife work? It will grip you—interest you—entertain you—let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.

• "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM EMMETT HANCOCK'S  
SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH  
RILLIE DOVE CHARLES STARRETT  
EDIS WILSON MARY DUNCAN  
EDWARD EVERETT MCKIM

A  
FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT



# At last...



...what women have been hoping for.. a **NEW** improved MAYBELLINE Eyelash Beautifier, that...

... does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them...

... is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear...

... applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease...

... contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy...

... removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

REGARDLESS of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

**Maybelline**  
Eyelash Beautifier

CLIP -----  
MAYBELLINE Co., 5900-24 Ridge Ave., Chicago  
10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown.

Name.....

Address.....

## TIPPING YOU OFF

### Little Low-Downs On The Stars

ABOUT that James Dunn-Molly O'Day romance: the popular Jimmie says he's saving his money—but he'll have to have plenty more than he has right now before he files intention to wed.

Mary Astor put one over—getting married over in Yuma, Arizona, 'way back in June. If the papers caught the name correctly, the lucky chap is one Dr. Franklin Thorpe. For months the newshawks had been seeing Mary with the doctor—and suspected a romance—but they got his name as "Thorne." Whenever Mary was asked about "Dr. Thorne," how easy it was for her to Deny All!

Joan Bennett, who fractured her hip in falling from a horse, was no sooner walking again after ten weeks in the hospital than she had an attack of the flu. She was up and about again, however, in a few days and hearing that she was supposed to be interested in Joel McCrea. (Joel, you remember, used to be seen hither and yon with Connie Bennett.) It's possible that Joan does have a new interest.

In Life, for her famous off-and-on-attachment for John Considine, Jr. seems to be all over. The young executive is going places again with Carmen Pantages—and it looks as if the next stop is the marriage license bureau.

Remember Harry Langdon, the meek and sad-faced little comedian of silent days? He has just sued for separation from his wife—and reveals by his action his own explanation of his failure to triumph in talkies. His grounds for separation are that the Missus "nagged" him and was extravagant.

Eleanor Hunt, former Follies girl and featured player in the movie "Whoopee," who eloped with Rex Lease not so many months ago, has just won a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty. It seems that every time she sat down to read a book of philosophy, Rex was so unkind as to laugh.

You've probably been wondering why you haven't read more in the papers about that lawsuit brought against Marlene Dietrich by Riza von Sternberg, estranged wife of Marlene's "discoverer" and director. (The charge, you recall, was

alienation of affections.) Well, you aren't likely to hear much about it for a year and a half or so. The courts are so congested that the case isn't apt to come up any sooner than that.

What ever became of Elinor Glyn? If you must know, the IT Woman has been sojourning in Budapest and other Continental capitals, where she can't possibly be as well known as in these United States.



Alice Doll is one of Hollywood's typical beauties, making good in small rôles in support of Marilyn Miller and Dorothy Mackaill

Phillips Lord, the Seth Parker of "Way Back Home," is the only radio favorite to make a big hit in the movies—though Bing Crosby is coming along fast in Educational shorts. Even such popular lads as Rudy Vallee and Amos 'n' Andy weren't exactly box office wows. Lord is unusual in other ways, too. He writes hymns in his spare time, doesn't swear, and won't allow swearing in his presence. 'S tough on the scene-shifters.

While the rumors grow thicker and thicker that Dolores Costello Barrymore is rehearsing some new lullabies, it looks more and more certain that husband John has parted with the

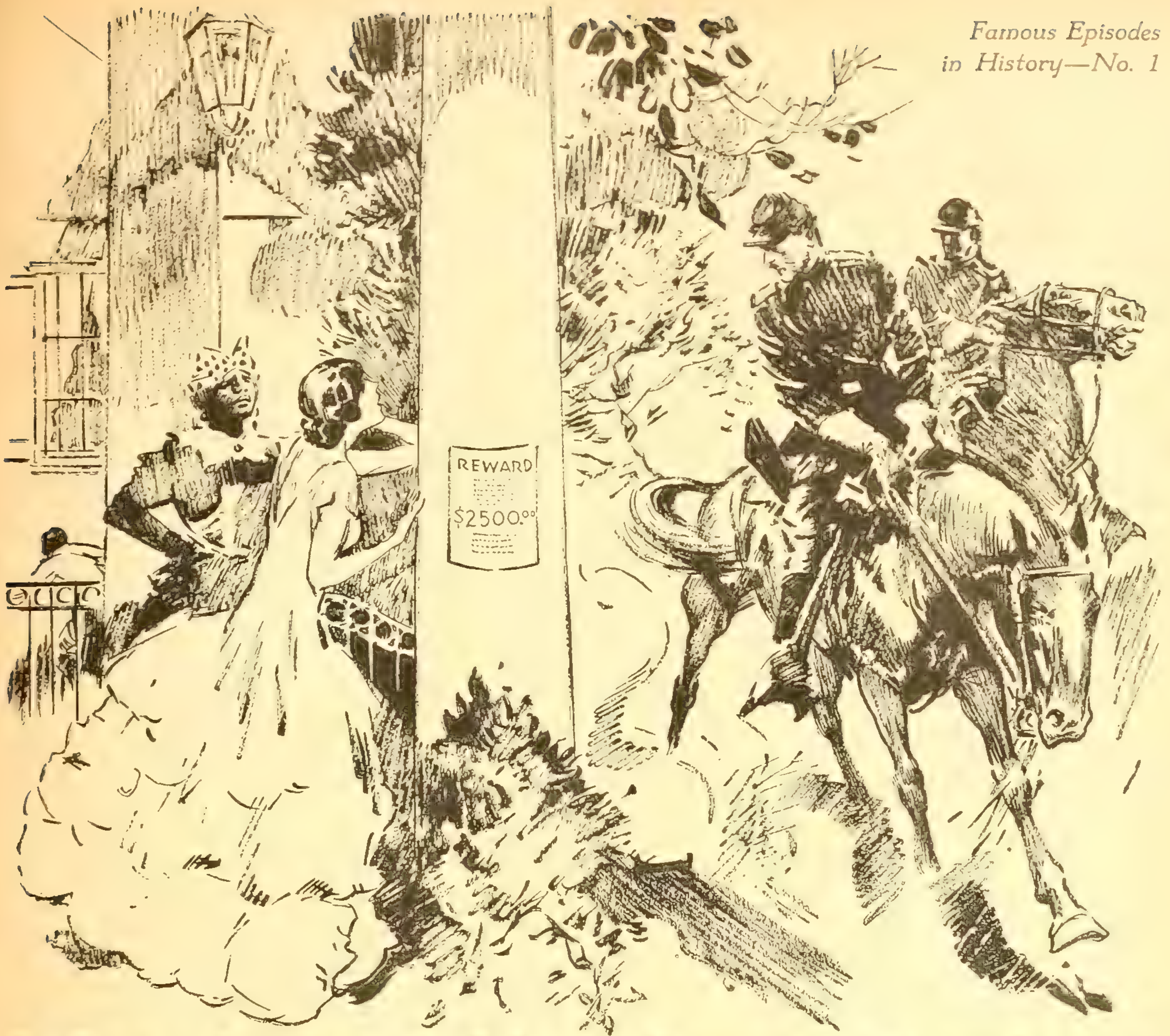
Warner Brothers. And John's plans for the future? They do say he's listening to a suggestion from M-G-M that he and brother Lionel co-star in "Arsene Lupin." The brothers (the Barrymores, we mean) have never appeared together on the screen, though their greatest success on the stage was achieved together.

The trials of living at Malibu Beach! Barbara Stanwyck had to get up at four a.m.—and that's before sunrise—to arrive at location on "Forbidden" on time. On top of that she received sprained ankles and bruises when thrown from a horse during production. Considering what Joan Bennett suffered from a similar accident, Barbara's lucky. Also, she's a great one for going on though hurt. She was injured when making "Illicit," but refused to hold up production.

Physicians at the Arizona sanitarium where she has been recuperating from her long illness report that Renée Adorée is fit again. She will soon be back on the screen—with hardly a trace of French accent. She has been improving each shining hour.

(Continued on page 16)





# Find 5 Hidden Spies

—and Qualify for the  
Opportunity to Win

**\$2600.00**

of the southern girl to protect the Confederates who were left behind by the Confederate army to spy out the positions of the advancing northern troops. Incidents of this kind were not uncommon in the bitter struggles of the Civil War when two great armies made up of the finest men in America fought the war of conflicting principles and ideals.

In both the Confederate and Northern armies, the finest manhood volunteered for this hazardous service and were of great value to their generals.

Spies could cause the annihilation of a whole regiment by learning of their plans and reporting them to their own field generals. Consequently, it was immensely important to apprehend all spies before any information could be obtained by them and carried back to their own forces. It took clear

thinking and thorough searching to ferret out these spies and many lives depended on its being done thoroughly.

In the picture above, the faces of 6 spies are concealed. It will take close observation to find them. Nothing so valuable as human life is at stake now. The Civil War with all its strife and heartache is fortunately almost forgotten.

In producing this historical observation test, we hark back only to the valiance displayed by the men and women of both the North and South and not to the long dead hatreds.

You may search out the faces of the hidden spies in quest of a \$2600.00 prize. A reward of \$2600.00 to you if you find the faces of 5 of the hidden spies and are prompt and win first prize; or if you prefer a latest model Chrysler De Luxe Sedan and \$1000.00 cash.

In our great advertising plan of giving large prizes which is introduced to you through this "famous episodes in history" puzzle, number one, we will give 60 prizes, including 5 latest model sedans or their value in cash.

Only persons living in the U. S. A. outside of the city of Chicago are eligible to submit answers. No expense. Neatness and originality do not count, only correctness. Answer today. Dozens of prizes. No obligation to compete. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. If you can find the faces of five of the hidden spies mark them with a cross and send your answer at once.

**H. W. THOMSON, Adv. Director, Dept. 55 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois**



# Tipping You Off

(Continued from page 14)

## your horoscope

**S**OMEDAY smiling fortune will escort you to the world famous

**"Cocoanut Grove"**  
at the  
**Ambassador Los Angeles**

There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance, as you never danced before, to the most alluring of dance music.

You are sure to see many of the world's most famous

## Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, Motion Picture Theatre and every outdoor sport.

Write for Chef's  
Illustrated  
Cook Book

44A

Speaking of injuries and such, Evalyn Knapp—who was *hors de combat* for several weeks after fracturing some vertebrae in a fall from a cliff—is back at work once more. The title of her new picture, at least for the moment, is "High Pressure."

Addie McPhail's divorce is final this month—which means that in a few days Mack Sennett's bright-eyed little comedienne will be Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle. There's also a possibility that she will be his leading lady in the two-reel comedy he is to make to discover whether or not the fans want to see him back.

Lupe Velez, Europe-bound, rode across the continent on the same train with John Gilbert, also Europe-bound (for a three month's vacation). Both smiled when New York reporters queried: "Romance?" The next day, Lupe went all the way over to Brooklyn to see John off on the *Bremen*—and again smiled mischievously at reporters. Later, some of the newshawks were so unkind as to wonder out loud if this could be a ruse to distract attention from Lupe's previously-rumored heart trouble with a prominent film executive. Incidentally, 'tis said that Ziegfeld has bloodhounds on Lupe's trail because he wants her as a star in his new winter revue.

Here's a lad with a violent case of modesty! Colin Clive, the English actor who came to America for six short weeks to play *Captain Stanhope* in "Journey's End," has just been lured back to Hollywood to take the title rôle in "Frankenstein." He received three big offers before the picture was finished—and he wouldn't even listen to them until he had seen a pre-view of "Frankenstein" and knew how he looked in his second talkie!

Peggy Fish, New Jersey girl who is famous as the decorative beauty in countless ads, says: "Somewhere on earth there must be another Gary Cooper." She confesses she went 'way out to Montana for her vacation last year to see if she couldn't find one—and all the boys were bow legged!

There is something new under the sun after all. Kathlyn Williams, film actress, and Charles Eyton, former executive,

were dynamited apart in Reno last January. And now they are reported to have made wills Leaving All To Each Other.

Hope Williams, New York society girl who became a famous stage actress and was left out of the Social Register, was lured to Hollywood last summer to star for RKO in something called "Penthouse." After a few weeks, the studio decided that the story was too weak for her or sumpin'—and there weren't any more breezy stories on tap at the moment. So Hope has gone back to New York. While she was in Hollywood, her ex-husband, Dr. R. Bartow Read, young New York physician and amateur aviator, was killed in a 'plane crash. Though she divorced him three years ago, he left her his entire estate.

The newest social hit—invited everywhere—is Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante. Friends are trying to tell him he ought to go into a night-club (as in the old days) and make money evenings while he entertains. Letting out a secret about Jimmie: he likes pie crust so much he usually has a slice in his pocket. And he isn't one of these pie-throwing comedians, either!

It's back to ranch life for Harry Carey, who has been making serials since his great performance in "Trader Horn." He probably won't give up acting, but he's going to repair and rebuild the ranch which was wiped out when the St. Francis dam gave way in 1927. He's one of your real outdoor men.



Jackie Cooper for once, is not in mischief. Tugged out in uniform with Sam Brown belt and all the trimmings—he takes orders and likes 'em. You will soon be seeing him in "Sooky"

One of Lloyd Hamilton's trade-marks is his silly waddle; it has been worth thousands of dollars to him. Consequently, when he was struck by a car a few weeks ago and had a leg broken in three places, he sued for \$52,300—no more, no less.

Minna Gombell, the ever-present girl friend in "Bad Girl," has other duties besides acting at Fox. She is an expert

at the art of being graceful—and teaches proper diction, manners and make-up to youngsters on the lot.

It isn't often that movie folk report thefts in Hollywood and environs, but Dorothy Burgess was convincing when she reported to police that she had been robbed of jewelry valued at \$10,000.





# Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands and thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U. S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

WHAT has your age got to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice—that has tabooed monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger gymnastics—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes *you* the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher?

If, year after year, hundreds and hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams to guide them, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

## Always Fascinating

You can't go wrong. You'll never lose patience. Not only will you *want* to study—you'll actually look forward to the "next lesson" when you study music the U. S. School way.

And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in the privacy of your own home seeing and hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher to take orders from—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-luck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it—taking you over a delightful short-cut to musical accomplishment. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the

entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheerful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play *by note*.

And as far as money is concerned—you'll never have any complaint. For, regardless of which instrument you select, the cost of learning will average only a few cents a day.

## Music Will Be An Unfailing Friend

The older you get, the more you need the solace and pleasure that self-made music affords. Anyone can tune in on a radio—play a record or get music out of a player piano. But what empty satisfaction compared to making music *yourself*!

The ability to play, on the other hand, offers you a definite escape from monotony—gives you the opportunity to do something real—to meet people—to make friends. And there's nothing like good music to help you forget your troubles.

Every child, too, who can play a musical instrument is equipped with an accomplishment that attracts, entertains and holds chums—that replaces bashfulness with confidence and poise—that assures a social and profitable "stand-by" for their later years.

Think of the wonderful satisfaction of being able to play what you want and whenever you are so inclined. Forget your age. And bear in mind, you don't have to know one

note from another to start your lessons from the U. S. School of Music.

## Write Us First

Are you sincerely interested in music to the extent that you want to find out all about this easy as A-B-C method of learning? Then send at once for our 64-page booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" that explains this famous method in detail and that is yours *free* for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson TODAY. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6012 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

## Thirty-Fourth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
6012 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

Have You  
Instrument?

Name

Address

City..... State ..

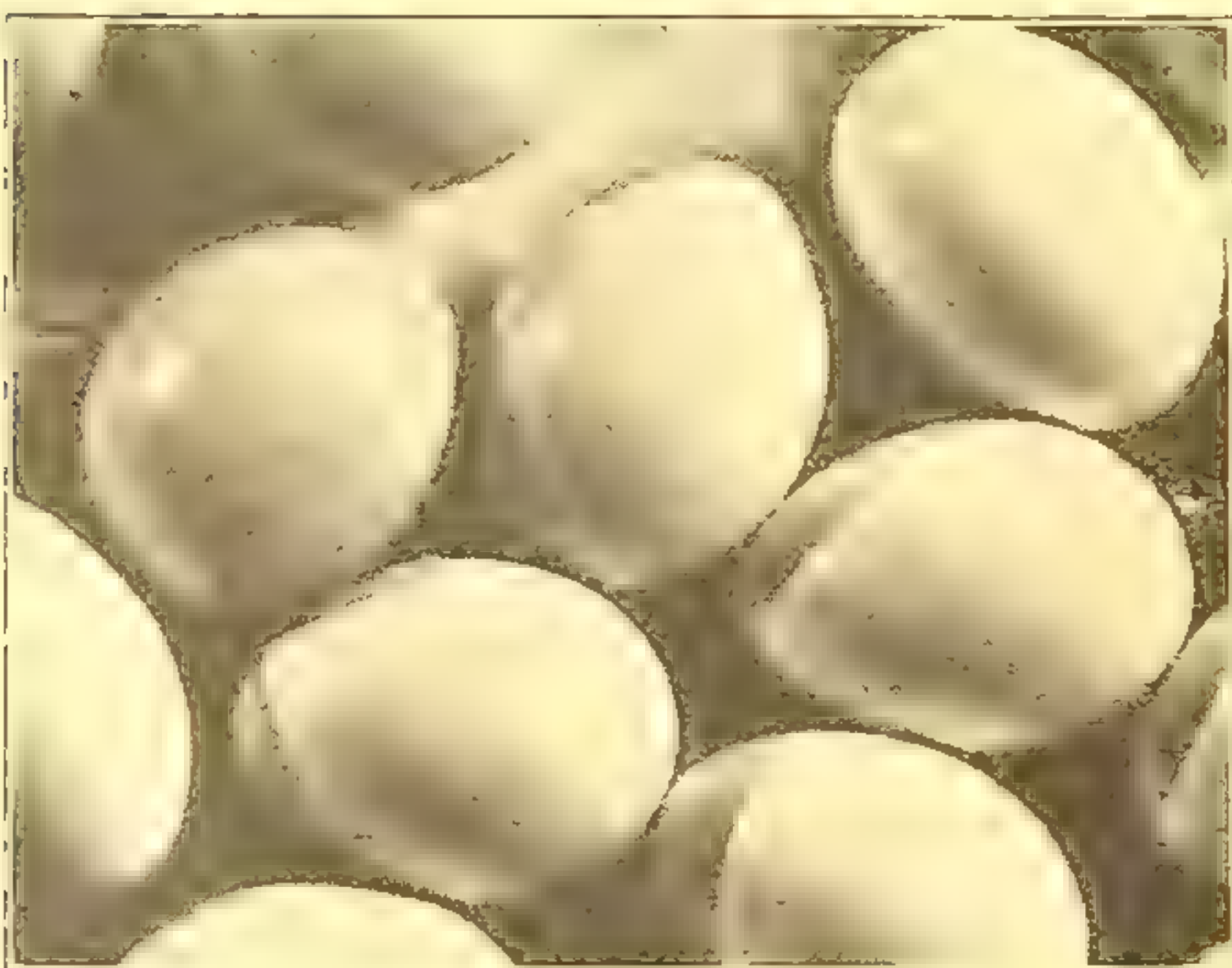
## PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (Plectrum,	
5-String or Tenor)	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German	
Accordion	
Juniors' Piano Course	





# More BEAUTY for your Teeth— More MONEY for your Budget —with this extraordinary tooth paste



## Buy 6 dozen eggs with the money you save

There are many things which you can buy with the \$3 a year each member of your family saves on tooth paste. But very few will do you and your children as much good as eggs—especially in these winter months. Eggs are a valuable source of vitamins "a" and "b." They also supply *lecithin*, important in nourishing the nerves and aiding growth. Remember, eggs are always part of the diet which doctors prescribe during convalescence to bring back health and energy.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. Yet its cleansing and polishing power, plus safety, are unsurpassed—even by imported tooth pastes, costing 75¢ a tube.

It is entirely free from coarseness and grit. It cannot scratch even a baby's tooth enamel. And it contains, in addition to all the usual cleansing elements of value—an astonishingly effective, *special polishing agent*.

## Our methods cut costs for you with no loss of quality

Though Listerine Tooth Paste is only a youngster in the tooth paste field—it is the biggest, most vigorous youngster ever seen. Over four million people have switched to it in nine years—and have kept on using it constantly. This demand calls for production on a huge, cost-cutting scale. You benefit by these savings.

## Try it! Learn how white your teeth really are

Your teeth benefit as much as your pocketbook. Economy alone could not have won and kept so many users—particularly millions of women, who prize the beauty of their teeth.

The special polishing agent clears away every particle of dirt and decay. Tartar, tobacco-stains, other discolorations—vanish without leaving a trace. Yet it is scientifically gentle in action and therefore cannot injure tooth enamel.

Besides, it leaves a remarkably fresh and invigorating after-taste. Your mouth *is* clean—and *feels* clean, too.

Give this tooth paste a trial. After that, we know you will keep on using it. Its economy, refreshing taste, and safe cleansing power will guarantee that. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢



# MOVIE CLASSIC



She is perhaps the only star you know very little about. She's a puzzle to interviewers. But you won't be puzzled by her—as Hollywood is—after reading this unusually vivid character study

BY SARA  
HAMILTON

## The Most Baffling Brunette

### *Who Is She?*

**S**HE'S wild about lamb chops. And candy "nigger babies." And doesn't look it. With the slightest encouragement, and even without, she'll fly to the kitchen and cook lamb chop after lamb chop. It's a lamb-chop complex.

On the screen, she's generally a siren. Tall, stately, deadly. She always gets her man. But on the set, she'll eat bags of the inevitable "nigger babies" before she goes after him.

She drives her own Ford. And calls it "Rabbit." Because it leaps wildly. And has no tail worth speaking of. According to certain Hollywood traffic cops, it does practically everything rabbitish except multiply and lay Easter eggs. But she loves it.

She imagines she isn't superstitious. But she wouldn't take a chance under a ladder for the world. And she likes the number 12. It has played an amazing part in her career. She finds it scattered all over her movie life.

She started her movie career on the twelfth of the month. Her first picture was made on Stage 12. The first shot was numbered 12. Her twelfth picture was her best.

Her car license, quite by accident, totals 12. Ida, her trusty maid, secretary and com-

panion, came to her on the twelfth. It's her lucky day. Her studio dressing-room remains on the second floor of a building while she really rates a bungalow. She remains upstairs with the lesser lights because her room number is 66. Which totals 12. Just try to get her out of it! When the studio renumbered the dressing-rooms, she still remained. And had someone make a sign with 66 painted on it. And there it hangs on her door between 213 and 215.

#### How Sorry They Are to Lose Her

**N**OW she's leaving this studio and transferring to another. And the studio she's leaving is reported willing to give her five hundred more a week than the other studio—if the other studio will release her from her contract. Which Studio Number 2 isn't likely to do.

She's from Broadway. But, unlike most ex-stage stars, she lets people forget it.

She's considered one of the three best-dressed women in Hollywood. And buys fewer clothes than some extras.

(Continued on page 68)



# Clark Gable's Fight For Fame

How did he become the greatest sensation of the screen since Valentino? Josephine Dillon, who was his wife for six years and shared his struggle for success, here tells the story—which has never been told before. She was the one who gave him poise and self-confidence and taught him how to act—and takes no credit for it. She gives all of it to Clark Gable, himself

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

When a new personality comets across the screen, a hundred claimants to the "discovery" hurry forward for a share of reflected glory. After years of argument, the honor of discovering Valentino went to June Mathis, scenario writer, who saw in a shabby, moody young immigrant the possibilities of a great star. Now that another great sensation—Clark Gable—has appeared out of total obscurity, many will claim to have "discovered" him. In the interest of fair play, we feel that credit should be given where credit is due. Read this story and see if you don't agree with us as to the real discoverer of Clark Gable.—*Editor's Note.*

**S**EVEN years ago in Portland, Oregon, a pleasant-looking woman in her middle thirties, with a voice so beautiful that when she talked she was beautiful, too, looked up at the sound of an opening door. Since there was a sign on the door, indicating that Miss Josephine Dillon Trained Stage Aspirants, it was frequently opened to admit young and shabby and hungry-looking people with the unmistakable stamp of the theatrical profession. But the boy who stood there now was unlike any actor she had ever seen. Indeed, he had been an actor only three weeks in a wretched tent show. His hands were calloused with manual labor. He was thin and sick-looking, and terribly ill at ease. He said his name was Clark Gable.

"I want to be an actor," he said. His voice was wrong, too, she noticed—too high, unmodulated. "Can you teach me to be one, ma'am?"

She looked at him. She saw the too-prominent ears, the gauntness, the shyness of him. She saw, too, in the ill-fitting clothes, the splendid body of an athlete, wide-shouldered and narrow-hipped—and in the gaunt face, dark eyes ablaze with purpose.

"He had what we stage teachers call 'the spark,'" Josephine Dillon told me. "I knew then that he had

talent. But I didn't know until we were married a few months later that he was a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, with the dogged Dutch persistence that will not be discouraged. If Clark is really a success now—as I have always told him he would be—it is owing first and above all to himself. But I like to think that I had something to do with it. You see—" she looked at me with brown eyes

that brimmed suddenly with tears, though she was smiling, cheerfully, "I didn't take my marriage lightly. Women of my age don't. I'm still terribly in love with him—"

## All She Has of Clark Now

**S**HE lives in a little backyard studio behind the towering Roosevelt Hotel in Los Angeles, where she supports herself by teaching other eager youngsters how to stand and walk and speak lines. On the wall—among the pictures of her former pupils, Norma Talmadge, Laura La Plante, Billy Bakewell—are pinned two old photographs of Clark Gable when he was playing a "What Ho!" rôle in Shakespeare, and small parts in stock in Los Angeles. "Oh, I couldn't let you take one of these!" she said hurriedly. "They're all I've got—"

*All that the woman who was his wife for six years now has of Clark Gable!*

She hasn't seen him for a year, except on the stage and on the screen. She sent him a telegram of congratulation when he played in the bitter prison play, "The Last Mile," on the local stage, and she wrote him a note telling him how proud she was of him when he won a contract at M-G-M. But he didn't answer.

"I'm a little sorry about that," she says gently, "but I know it isn't his fault. There are so many people around a successful actor, advising him unwisely, trying to make him seem different from what he is. Why, I've laughed over some of the things I've read about Clark—how he was a college man, and how his broad shoulders came from working as a lumberjack. He was in a lumber camp three days, I think. Why do press-agents tell such things when the reality is so much finer? Clark is an educated man, yes—but he made himself one. He studied, he read, he worked in desperate earnest. I'm a Stanford graduate, myself. I got the books for him and laid out courses of study.

"When I first knew Clark, he had an inferiority complex on one subject. He felt that because he hadn't had much education he was handicapped—he had the idea that suc-



Josephine Dillon, well-known as a dramatic coach, was more than willing to work so that her young husband could get out in the open air and concentrate on his acting

Sergis Alberts





Hurrell

When Josephine Dillon met Clark Gable seven years ago, he was not the poised and self-confident actor you see at the left—nor the healthy specimen you see below. The six years that they were man and wife worked wonders for him—though, now married again, he does not talk of those struggling years



cess always came from study of books. I had him read biographies that proved that he was wrong. I had him read the classics, history, Shakespeare . . .

"He had worked all his life—the hardest sort of life—at anything he could get, in clothing stores, in garages, in the oilfields. He wanted to go on working while he waited his chance to act. I told him, 'You haven't time, Clark. If you're going to succeed as an actor, you'll have to do it in the next few years. You're twenty-five. I'll take care of our living till you get started—now you buckle down to your studies!'

"We were in Los Angeles when we were married. That was a little over seven years ago. I got a job mornings in a photoplay school. I worked at another job afternoons. I gave lessons in elocution evenings. And Clark studied. He was like one possessed with a single idea—to be a good actor. He practised voice exercises at the piano by the hour—and got his voice down a full octave. He memorized lines, and read. Talk about your college education! Clark could pass most college graduates now!"

He was not strong, for all his powerful build, and she sent him to a farm to build up his health. She had a doctor prescribe a diet and had a physical culture expert give him the right exercises to develop his body. The too-prominent ears were corrected. But, above all, Josephine Dillon worked with him to overcome the psychological handicap of a bitterly-poor childhood and youth.

Sometimes he found work as an extra—in the "Tele-

phone Girl" series, and "The Collegians," for example. When he proudly brought his checks home, she bought him a new shirt and a pair of shoes and sent him out thus equipped to make the rounds of the casting offices.

"They didn't tell him he'd never make a movie actor, as I've read they did," she laughs. "He didn't get near enough to a casting director for that! He used to call every studio on the telephone every day and beg them for *anything*—anything at all, and they'd say, 'Nothing to-day.' Finally, I decided to lay that plan aside for a while and I got him a job with Louis McLoon on the stage."

Night after night, she bought a ticket out of their slender resources and sat in the audience, in a different part of the theater each night, and watched her young husband on the stage. Night after night, they went back home to their small bungalow and she worked with him, hearing his lines, correcting whatever faults she had noticed that evening, improving every bit of business, every smallest motion.

"Sometimes we would work until daylight over just an entrance," she says. "I'd make him go into the hall and open a door and walk into the living-room, over and over, until we were both ready to drop from exhaustion. More than once we *did* drop! But that's the European way of training actors. The turn of a shoulder, the carriage of the head, the simple act of picking an object off a couch or a table must be beautifully done, must be *right*. That's how

(Continued on page 71)



# Can The Newlyweds Of Hollywood Stay Married?

You have read about their weddings and, perhaps, you half-expect to read about their divorces in another year or two. Every one of these couples, however, stands a chance of never taking the road to Reno—and this story tells you why

In October, MOVIE CLASSIC ran a sensational feature, "Mary And Doug Will Never Be Divorced," which listed the strong ties that bind not only the elder Fairbankses, but Harold and Mildred Lloyd, Ben and Bebe Lyon, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, the Warner Baxters, the Conrad Nagels and other Hollywood couples. But what of the Hollywood newlyweds of the past few months? This article deals with their separate and collective problems and frankly asks: Can They Stay Married?—Editor's Note.

**C**AN they stay married? Do even the principals themselves—the glowingly happy William Powell and Carole Lombard, the romantic June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, the freshly re-married Clark Gable and Rita Langham, the first-anniversary Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, the domestic Charles Farrells—yet know the outcome of that question so vital to their happiness? Is it too soon for questions? Too soon to question the depths of the unions they have founded?

Most marriages, even Hollywood marriages, begin in the belief of "evermore." But the outcome of the Hollywood kind is seldom predictable. Those who should have been happy—have not been. And others who have been "doomed" from the start by popular doubts have managed to steer their little crafts into surprisingly safe waters.

## Bill and Carole

**C**AN William Powell and Carole Lombard Stay Married?

It's up to Bill, the suavely elegant Powell, who is neither suave nor elegant where Carole is concerned. If ever a man was madly in love, indulgent and proud of a woman, that man is William Powell. And it is up to Bill to stay that way, proud of Carole's beauty and youth—and understanding it.

Six months before Bill and Carole were married, she gave a story to a reporter that she and Bill were the grandest of friends, but that she doubted they would ever be married. Carole Lombard is twenty-two. William Powell is thirty-eight. She loved Bill. There was no doubt of that. Yet, because she wanted to be *right*, she could not help but wonder if the difference in their ages might make too great a difference. Not now—but later on. Tragedies have been written on such themes.

Well, Carole changed her mind and she and Bill went [to Honolulu on a honeymoon. And those who are close to them say that Carole has changed many of her ideas. The girl who used to love cafés and bright lights and dancing and a good time has slipped happily into a calmer routine of quiet dinner parties, theaters on "off" nights, and even quieter fireside evenings with Bill alone.

There is little doubt that Carole understands Bill perfectly—and it is up to Bill to remember that his beautiful bride is but twenty-two, and life is still very



Fryer

William Powell is 38, while Carole Lombard Powell is only 22—but if Bill can stay young with her, their marriage ought to go on forever

Virginia Valli Farrell's marriage withstood its greatest test before the nuptial knot was tied, when Charlie's name was continually coupled with Janet Gaynor's



Spurr



much of an adventure at twenty-two. Bill has already known one "unsuccessful" marriage—and once said he would never marry again. Having taken the step a second time, he is not likely to let anything wreck his happiness—and Carole's—if he can possibly prevent it.

#### June and Stuart

**CAN June Collyer and Stuart Erwin Stay Married?** It is unfortunate that the romantic elopement of June and "Stu" should have been compared from the start with another romantic elopement—that of Loretta Young and Grant Withers, who are now in an interlocutory state of divorce.

Both Loretta and June eloped to small towns in Arizona, and were married outside their religion to young actors whose fame did not quite equal theirs. There was great maternal objection to Loretta's marriage. June's socially prominent parents were in New York at the time of the ceremony. "But we talked to Mother and Dad over the telephone," explained the dimpled June. "They are just as happy as we are."

You have to be a hard-boiled cynic, indeed, to doubt the happiness of June and Stuart. They fairly glow with it. The girl who was the favorite Hollywood dancing partner of Prince George of England, the selected "beauty" of the Baron de Rothschild and the favorite Hollywood "deb" of visiting football heroes, is twice as proud of being attractive to Paramount's favorite Swede comedian, than to any of the others.

And Stu? You have only to see Stu following every move of June's with the eyes of an adoring lover to realize just how much this beautiful girl means to him. They have eyes only for each other.

But in this modern age marriage does not keep other men's eyes and admiration from beautiful women. So long as June continues in the public eye

#### By DOROTHY MANNERS

there, will be other men—maybe another Prince, another great millionaire—to make toasts to June's loveliness. A beautiful actress is never neglected.

"Jealous of June?" scoffs Stu. "Say, I can't understand why every man in the world isn't in love with her!" The Stuart Erwins are happy.

#### The Charlie Farrells

**CAN Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli Stay Married?** Strangely enough, it is commonly believed that this marriage weathered its most dangerous waters before

June Collyer, of New York's Four Hundred, eloped with Stuart Erwin of Squaw Valley, but her parents didn't object. The sailing looks smooth



Longworth



Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson have just celebrated their first anniversary and anticipate at least twenty-four more

All those years that the world thought he was in love with Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell was going with Virginia Valli. He took time to be sure

Charlie and Virginia have tested their love through the fire of gossip and insinuation; they have found what they meant to one another even while the world was linking his name with another girl's. And at last they have found contentment together.

They are not the "hysterically happy" type of newlyweds. Their understanding goes much deeper than that. Virginia understands Charlie, not only as a bride, but as a pal, a constant companion, an adviser, a home-maker. She has had that understanding a long time. They

(Continued on page 73)



Phyfe



# The Headline John 1922



An early portrait of John in the days when he was a young unknown

By MURIEL BABCOCK

**I**N 1922, a young Fox player married Leatrice Joy secretly in Tia Juana, Mexico. So obscure and unknown was he that news of the wedding found its way into the public prints only because of the rising prominence of Miss Joy. The young actor was John Gilbert. The tiny story was his first taste of the headlines that were soon to come so rapidly, recording the explosive moments of his life, the high and low peaks of his spectacular career.

A newspaper caption, "John Gilbert's voice squeaks" was his first word of the tragedy to await him in the talkies. Headlines told unreservedly of his romance with an international star, predicted and finally announced the crash of his marriage. Since those early paragraphs, headlines have pursued Gilbert relentlessly, everywhere he walks, until today, wealthy, yet embittered by defeat, he refuses to see people and scorns the press.

Read his amazing story—an Arabian Nights tale of a young man's rise from obscurity to the topmost heights of fame—all in the short span of less than ten years. Read it in the words of the headlines, as given here, and maybe you can understand something of the torment in his soul to-day, of the fighting

spirit which he must possess and which will carry him back to the heights he gained in the era of silent pictures.

Jan. 31, 1922—Another marriage in the movie colony. The latest to worship at the shrine of Cupid are Leatrice Joy, one of the stars of "Saturday Night" and Jack Gilbert, a Fox player. The wedding took place at Tia Juana about two weeks ago.

Jan. 19, 1923—Mrs. Olivia Burwell Gilbert intends to invoke legal aid to obtain a post-divorce settlement from Jack Gilbert. Recently, Gilbert tentatively agreed to pay his former wife \$225 a month to escape publicity, incident to a revelation of his Mexican marriage to Leatrice Joy.

March 3, 1923—Remarried to Leatrice Joy at home of Judge Summerfield to make sure Mexican ceremony entirely legal.

April 17, 1923—Laughs at divorce rumor.

May 1, 1923—Signs contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Note: the real begin-



At the height of their great romance, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo made "Flesh and the Devil" and became the greatest love team in screen history

When Leatrice Joy became the second Mrs. Gilbert, John hit the headlines for the first time—for she was famous



ning of the Gilbert career!).

June, 1923—Separates from Leatrice Joy.

Nov. 6, 1923—Reconciled.

Aug. 9, 1924—Wife moves belongings from Gilbert home. Says they are through. Baby expected in month.

Sept. 7, 1924—Daughter, Leatrice Joy II, born to Gilbert and wife.

Oct. 23, 1924—Gilbert named for prince rôle in "The Merry Widow."

Nov. 20, 1924—Father of John Gilbert turns up. Actor finds him extra rôle in "The Merry Widow."

Dec. 7, 1924—Popularity skyrocketing.

May 29, 1925—Divorced by Leatrice Joy.



# Career of Gilbert

## -1931

Nov. 6, 1925—"The Big Parade" opens. John Gilbert acclaimed for greatest acting of the year. Picture and star a sensation.

Sept. 17, 1926—Reported engaged to Greta Garbo, Swedish star. Romance at a high peak.

Feb. 14, 1927—Reported Gilbert and Garbo eloped to Santa Ana to be married, only to be halted at altar by beautiful actress' exercise of woman's prerogative to change her mind.

Feb. 24, 1927—Convalescing after appendicitis operation. Denies engagement to Miss Garbo.

April 10, 1927—Gilbert in dual rôle on police blotter. Actor goes to Beverly Hills police station to demand arrest of another person. So boisterous is Gilbert, that police lock him up.

April 11, 1927—"Must have been under hallucination," says Gilbert.

April 18, 1927—Jail doors clang shut behind Gilbert. "Engaged" for next ten days in serving sentence for disturbing peace.

April 20, 1927—Released from jail on promise to Douglas Fairbanks not to take another drink for year.

May 7, 1927—Buys ocean-going steamer, "Mabel Dell."

July 14, 1927—Gilbert says he is "mad" at Louis B. Mayer because of repeated poor rôles given him. Not speaking to several M-G-M executives because of his new film about rum traffic, which he cordially dislikes.

May 24, 1928—Suffering from lead poisoning as result of faulty make-up.

May 9, 1929—Elopes, with Ina Claire, to Las Vegas, Nevada, after sensational and whirlwind romance with stage



The Spanish troubadour above is none other than our John, back in the days when he was struggling to become a featured player at Fox

At top, the very latest picture of John Gilbert, who's now a broad

star. "I am the happiest man in the world," he tells reporters.

May 10, 1929—Greta Garbo, reported ex-fiancée of Gilbert refuses to comment on marriage. Gene Markey, reported ex-fiancé of Miss Claire, likewise silent.

May 11, 1929—Gilbert's new film production held up as newlyweds celebrate honeymoon.

May 11, 1929—18-year old Marie Stanley, extra girl in film

(Continued on page 25)

On May 9, 1929, John Gilbert eloped to Las Vegas with Ina Claire (left), after a whirlwind courtship. It was his third marriage. Note Ina's dress, a Chanel creation



John says he got "the biggest kick in his life" in playing the doughboy in "The Big Parade"



# Frances Dee Hit The Heights In A Hurry

Two years ago, Frances Dee decided she'd rather be a Hollywood extra than a Chicago co-ed. She was spotted first by a casting director, then by Chevalier, and finally by Von Sternberg. Between the three of them she got the breaks—until now she looms as one of the future great stars. But best of all, she's keeping her head!

**F**RANCES DEE weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and is five feet four in her stockings—or five feet seven

with little stilts under her attractive heels. All of which makes her, as she says, "a pretty big girl." She's pretty, all right; and as big-ness is only a matter of proportion, in her case that's also all right.

Her case might well be labeled "The Triumph of Sex." Starting her career by playing "nice" girls, she probably would have been kept in those awful rôles until showing the first signs of *arterio sclerosis*—but, fortunately, Josef von Sternberg saw her and exclaimed that she was one of the screen's great beauties, as well as the possessor in great measure of that *je ne sais quoi* that did so much for Clara Bow. So the director gave her the part of *Sondra Finchley*, the lureful rich girl, in "An American Tragedy." And for hordes of people she was the high spot of that much-argued-about opus.

She was born November 26 in Garvanza, California, not more than twenty-two years ago. When she was seven, her father's vocation—civil engineering—took the family to Chicago. There Frances grew up, attending Hyde Park High School (famous for its foot-



Otto Dyar

## HELPING YOU TO KNOW HER

Born in Garvanza, California, and grew up in Chicago. Always had the urge to act. Attended University of Chicago, but wasn't eligible for the dramatic club. Returned to California for a summer vacation, and became an "extra." Decided she was through being a co-ed. Her first big break came when Chevalier picked her as his leading lady. Was always cast as a "nice girl" until Josef von Sternberg hailed her as one of the screen's great beauties and gave her rôle of Sondra in "An American Tragedy." Has enormous blue eyes and a determined lower lip. Thinks no one can be happy without love—and is "sort of" in love at the moment. Intends to keep on with career when she does marry. Likes to be alone, preferably on mountain tops. Believes in speaking her mind. Knows where she's going. And she's likely to get there!

ball teams) and then attending the University—which is famous for the lack of them. She would have been graduated with the Class of 1931 if Ole Man Movies hadn't spirited her away.

She always had a great yen to be an actress. They wouldn't let her act at the University—there was something about her not being eligible for the dramatic club—but when she got back to Los Angeles for a summer vacation, she had her chance through some co-ed friends in the University of Southern California. Fox was using college girls for one of those rah-rah pic-

tures of college life. They used Frances, and she liked the game. . . .

### She Preferred to Be an Extra

**S**O she made the Big Decision, and decided to take up extra work rather than return to school. After a period of the seven-and-a-half-dollars-a-day-and-a-box-lunch thing, she won a small part in "Follow Thru," starring Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers. In this she attracted the attention of Fred Datig, Paramount's casting director. She was tested, okayed, and placed under one of those try-to-make-good contracts. And she did!

Her first big chance was in Chevalier's "Playboy of Paris." She likes Maurice, who is generally given credit for her "discovery," but she doesn't swoon at the mere mention of his name, as so many local ladies are in the habit of doing. She thinks they both were pretty bad in that opus, an opinion borne out by the box-office returns.

Following that, she worked with Buddy again in "Along Came Youth," the last of those Rogers sweetness-and-light playlets, and then was seen opposite Richard Arlen in "Caught." It was not until "An American Tragedy," however, that she had a chance to prove to the studio what a really swell bet they have in her. Now she has just completed "Rich Man's Folly" with George Bancroft. She is one of this year's thirteen Wampas Baby Stars—which means that the press-agents of the town think she has the goods.

Her name is her own, and when she was a kid in school, she used to hate it. But when she went into pictures and they tried

(Continued on page 70)

By **TERRENCE COSTELLO**





*Lippman*

## ONE LIVE GIRL ON A DEAD PIRATE'S CHEST

Dorothy Mackaill acquired a hope chest in Hawaii. It's unusual, like Dorothy, and has a dramatic history. It's a pirate's safe deposit box. And the way she's holding down the lid between scenes of "Safe In Hell," the future Mrs. Neil Miller must be keeping the secret of the wedding date inside





*Ray Jones*

Off the screen, our John is almost never seen in public. He's a confirmed family man. But on the screen—ah, that's a different story. Give him a cutaway, a white vest, a stiff shirt and a topper, and he's the man-about-town to perfection. Just another proof that John is a good actor—to add to what he does in "Good Sport"

**JOHN BOLES**





*Bachrach*

## DOLORES DEL RIO

Dolores Del Rio is back before the cameras at last! That is the big news of the month. Though her face gives no hint of it now, she has been desperately ill. You have not seen her for nearly two years—and you have never seen her in an all-talking picture. She starts her screen life anew in the title rôle of "The Dove"





*Dyar*

Miriam Hopkins knows what that musical phrase, "Vamp till ready," means. And what's she almost ready for? Stardom, no less! This little Georgia siren hasn't been marking any time, has stolen one picture after another, and now is rehearsing to play opposite Charles Rogers in "The Jazz King"

**THEY HAVEN'T PLAYED  
BUT MIRIAM AND**





*Dyar*

## TOGETHER YET PHIL ARE WILLING

Maybe Phillips Holmes can play the piano, and maybe he can't. It doesn't matter. The important thing is that he can play on your sympathies. If he keeps up what he has started in "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed," he'll soon be the leading young tragedian of the screen





*Longworth*

She flashes a pretty set of teeth, and an even prettier set of eyes—and just catch the happy-go-lucky tilt of her head! On top of it all, she has titian hair—the real kind—and you know what that means! From here, it looks like an unbeatable combination. She'll soon rate bigger parts than the one she has in "Touchdown!"

**PEGGY SHANNON**



# THIS OTHER CRAWFORD GIRL IS ALSO A DANCING DAUGHTER



*Portraits  
by C. S. Bull*

Kathryn Crawford is no relation to Joan—unless you could call her a dance-step-sister. She's one of the California Crawfords, a singer as well as a dancer, and as lighthearted as she is lightfooted. She can hold her own in any company—and here's how!



When she was sixteen, Kathryn decorated a church choir. When seventeen, she was a singing-dancing star on the stage. Now, just over twenty, she's dreaming of a big screen future. (And why shouldn't she, after "Flying High"?) She even looks like a potential rival for the Crawford who's a star already. But is that her ambition? Kathryn hunches up those cute shoulders—and pretends she doesn't know



♦ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ♦



Before his visit to London, Mahatma Gandhi had never heard of Chaplin. When told that Charlie had made millions laugh, he asked to meet him

Acme



Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen reveal that their wedding rings were cut from the same piece of platinum. They add that they have never removed them

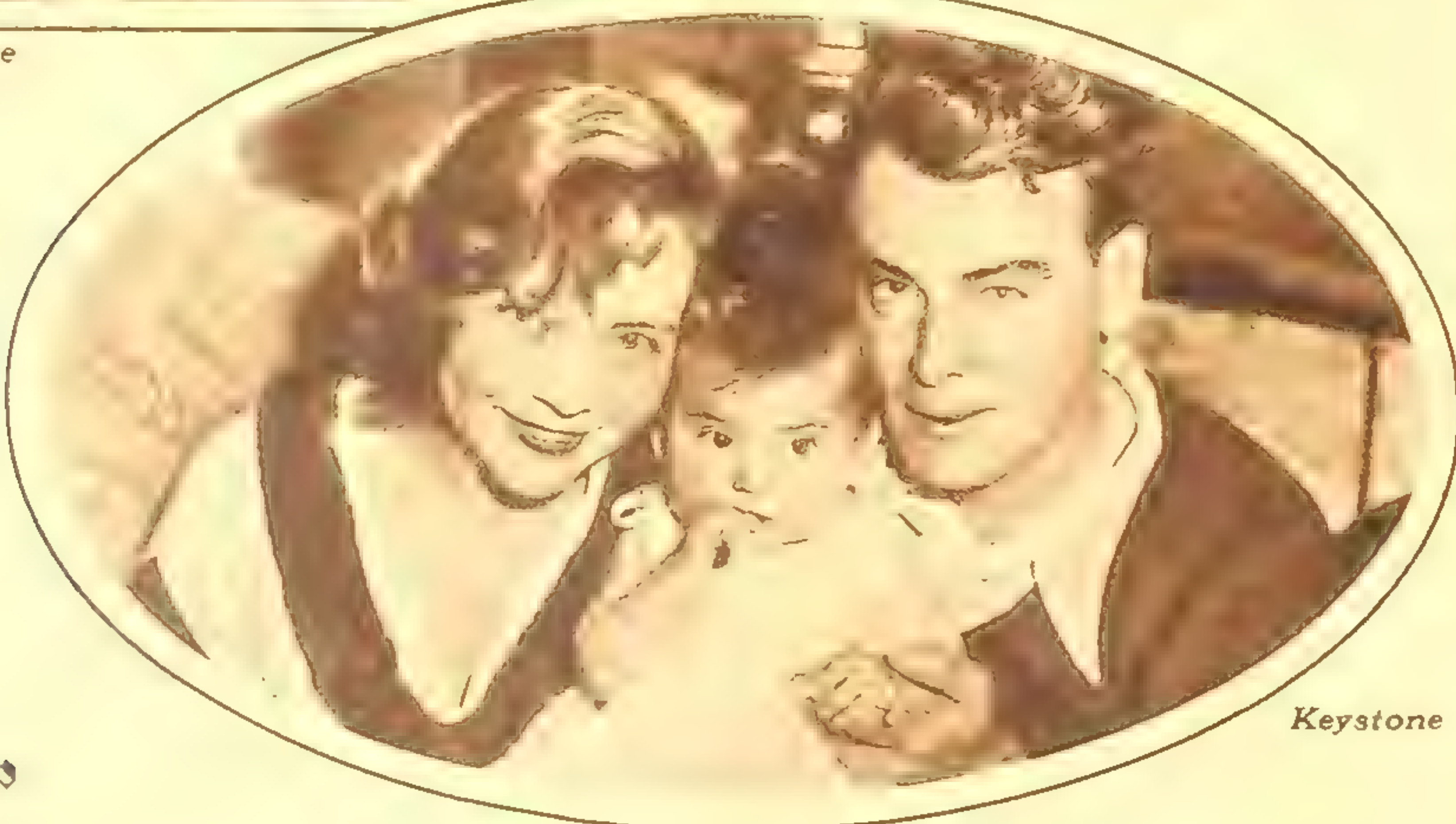


Even Lola Lane was surprised to read that she and Lew Ayres were married. They hoped to keep the wedding secret. See story page 40



Dorothy Mackaill and her fiancé, Neil Miller, haven't yet announced the wedding date. Friends wonder if they're secretly married already

Acme



Keystone



Acme

Nils Asther meets the rest of his family: Vivian Duncan Asther returns from abroad with their new daughter, Evelyn Rosetta, born in Germany

Elissa Landi sails for England and a visit with her husband, John Lawrence, London lawyer



# It Cost Esther Ralston \$100,000 To Have Her Baby

BLONDE STAR FORFEITED THAT AMOUNT IN LEAVING SCREEN TO BECOME A MOTHER—NOW MUST SACRIFICE MUCH MORE TO RETURN TO SCREEN

By FAITH SERVICE

TWO weeks and four days after Esther Ralston became a mother, she had to become an actress again. No tragedy she may play upon the Screen will ever be the tragedy this is to Esther.

She held her baby in her arms, there before my eyes, and tears dropped from her blue eyes upon that little head. Tears of joy because she is, at last, a mother. Tears of regret that she cannot be more mother than actress. I saw what was surely the most precious anointing small Mary Esther Webb will ever know—her mother's tears.

All her life Esther Ralston has longed to have a baby. More than anything else in life, she has wanted this baby. Well, she has had her in the physical sense of the word; she has this little girl with enormous dark blue eyes and Esther's nose and her Daddy's mouth. And now, because she is an actress—with the demands of an actress' life to fulfill—she must sacrifice the precious intimacies of motherhood.

They have made her stop nursing the baby. Two weeks and four days after the infant's birth, she was forced to stop. She had to reduce. She couldn't reduce while she was feeding the child. She had to diet. She had to have strenuous massage. The ample curves of maternity had to be brought down to the proper slenderness of—a star.

"And this," Esther told me, covering that tiny face with kisses, "this is the rôle I am best fitted for. I would love to have seven or eight babies. I wouldn't care if my lap spread from East to West. I wouldn't care if I gained sixty pounds and never lost them. But—"

But she is an actress. She has a career, and the beauty of maternity is not the beauty of movies. And she has to think of that career, has to build for

the future; has to work while she can to make the baby's later days secure.

*She is going to take the baby into vaudeville with her.* Not right now. In two or three months, according to present plans.

There will be no sunny nursery hours, no twilight hours of lullaby for Esther and Esther's baby. Trains and strange towns and irregular hours and chilly theaters and curious crowds instead. Husband-and-father George Webb has written a dramatic sketch for "Them"—a sketch in which Esther will appear upon the stage holding her own baby in her arms. "That ought to get 'em!" figures the exploitation expert in the home.

"For twenty-eight years," Esther told me, "I have been doing, mentally, just what you see me doing now—holding my own baby to my heart. The other night, I was walking up and down the upstairs hall with her—spoiling her, they told me, crooning to her, *loving* it. All the dreams of just such a time that I had ever dreamed were going through my head. I shall never know again such perfect happiness. And it was then they talked to me—Daddy (George) and the doctor. Convinced me I owed something to my career. Told me I had been suggested for the feminine lead in the Fox talkie version of 'Fazil' opposite Warner Baxter—if I can look the part. In order to look the part, I have had to lose twenty-five pounds in the past ten days and must lose some thirty-five more in the next two weeks. In order to look the part, I must not look the part of—a nursing mother.

"You see, well—Daddy figured it out and it seems that I lost approximately one hundred thousand dollars by having this baby. That, in round figures, is what she cost me. The parts I couldn't play would have totaled that sum. I wouldn't exchange the part I am playing now, with



Ray Jones

Esther Ralston eagerly sacrificed a film fortune to have Mary Esther and now bemoans fact that she must return to her career

you for audience, for double those parts at double that figure. My name was mentioned for a part in the last Roy del Ruth picture at Warner Brothers. Also, for a part in 'The Greeks Had a Word for It.' There was the part of the Queen in Will Rogers' last picture. Also, a part in John Gilbert's 'West of Broadway.' There were two definite and very substantial independent offers. All told, if I had done the things I might have done, I would be—one hundred thousand dollars poorer to-day."

Esther suffered for twenty-eight dreadful hours before her baby was born. It is claimed that the baby was a month overdue. It was an instrument birth, perilous and agonizing for both mother and child. The baby would have been born dead in another hour.

Esther knew far in advance that she would suffer. Doctors long ago told her that she should never have a baby; some even went so far as to declare she never *could* become a mother—and live.

As the fumes of the anesthetic began to drift away, Esther thought, "Just one more thing can happen to me now—that it will be a girl." She and George had wanted a son so dreadfully. After a time, gaining courage, she asked, "It's a girl, isn't it, Daddy?" The answer came, "*How did you know?*" And Esther, closing her eyes, whispered, "Forgive me, Daddy—I'll do better the next time."

Somehow, that strikes me as being the most poignantly pathetic statement ever issued from the mouth of a new mother.

Esther's baby—she has paid for her in harder coin than money.





# LILY DAMITA WILL NOT MARRY TITLED SUITOR—PREFERS RICH AMERICAN

FRENCH STAR TURNS DOWN PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND HOHENZOLLERN FOR SIDNEY SMITH, WEALTHY BROKER—WILL MARRY IN TWO YEARS (MAYBE)

By HALE HORTON

LILY DAMITA has been rumored engaged to royalty more times than any other actress now alive. Her first and most notable engagement was supposed to have been to Prince George of England, whose parents withheld the seal of approval. Next Lily was all engaged to Prince Louis Ferdinand of the defunct firm of Hohenzollern, only to have family pressure brought to bear again. Now, Lily has followed this up with an engagement to Sidney Smith, of the New York Smiths, and there have been more rumbles of parental objections. There have even been rumors of marriage this time.

Sidney Smith? He is a young New York broker, godson of publisher William Randolph Hearst, a scion of one of New York's oldest and wealthiest families, and brother-in-law of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. His ex-wife is Florence Rice, daughter of sports-writer Grantland Rice. While at Yale, Smith was amateur heavy-weight boxing champ, and has danced many rounds with his friend, Gene Tunney. He possesses six-feet-two of muscle and bone, a disarming smile, and the wallop of a stevedore.

But let's begin at the beginning. Immediately after the Hohenzollerns had broken the engagement between Louis Ferdinand and Damita, they spirited Louis down to darkest Africa, where—his family thought—he would be safe from Lily's blandishments.

"An' when I come to Hollywood," Damita recounts, "Ferdinand's mama say he can come home to Germany. An' finally they send heem to Detroit to learn the automobile beeziness. After a while I return to Paris on my vacation, an' Ferdinand call me from London, saying he also on vacation an' want to see me. I haff no time to fight with families. Life ees too short. And besides there was Seedney. So I tell heem I pretty busy.

"A few days later, he call me from Southampton and say he been called back to Detroit, an' he make me promise to wire heem when I arrive back in United States and tell heem the name of the hotel I stay at in New York, so he can 'phone me again. An' before I could answer, he cry, 'I'll see you in America—an' remember that no matter what the family say, you an' I are steel engage.' 'Engage?' I say. 'What ees thees?' I thought eet was all over. I tried to tell heem so, but he deedn't seem to understand. I guess there must have been a bad connection. So I told heem I'd wire heem from New York and hung up."

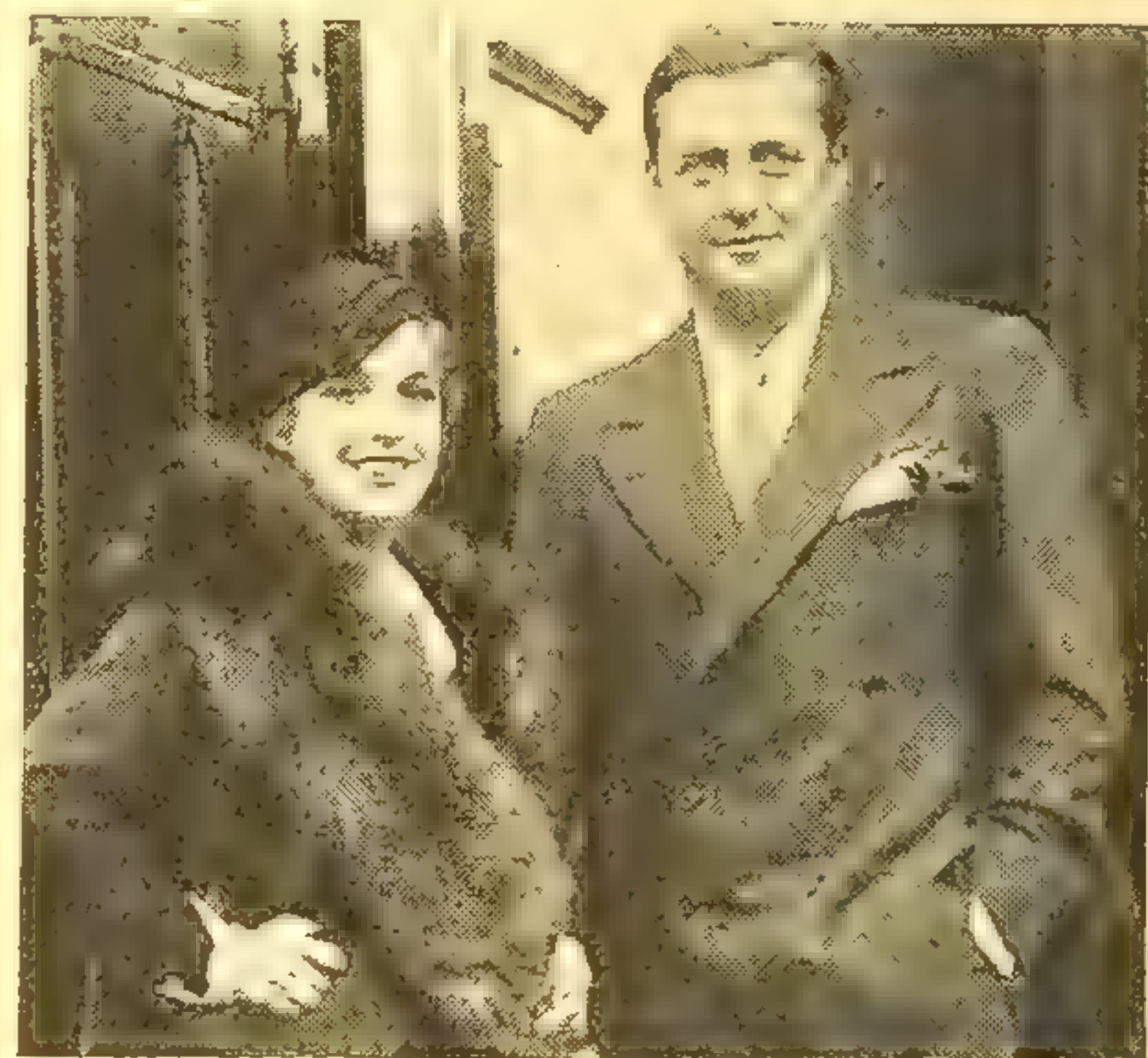
Lily had been having a gay time in France, tearing around with such people as Constance Bennett, the Marquis de la Falaise, and William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who introduced her to his friend, Sidney Smith. The crowd went back to New York five days ahead of Lily, who returned alone. Upon arriving in New York, she wired Prince Louis Ferdinand and he 'phoned her, as advertised, and begged

her to stop over in Chicago a few days and he'd get a vacation and meet her there. Due, however, to the press of business, publicity and Sidney Smith, Lily found this impossible—but she told the Prince he might come to Chicago and talk to her between trains.

In the meantime, Smith decided, for one reason or another, that he'd like to see this place called Hollywood, where Lily worked, and decided he'd make a little trip to California, himself. And Lily thought it was a swell idea. "We were almos' to Chicago before I remember that Ferdinand was coming to the train," she recalls, wide-eyed. "I was een one beeg peekle, I tell you! I

had to theenk fast!" So she plunged into the mob that met the train—there were some politicians on board—only to bump smack into His Royal Highness!

Lily was in a spot and knew it. The Santa Fe Chief was about to leave for Los Angeles. Again she thought fast. She told Louis Fer-



International

Lily met Sidney Smith in France, and when she came back to Hollywood, he came along, too

dinand that he might ride with her as far as the next stop—and she told him about her friend, Sidney Smith, who took himself to the buffet car and gnawed a cigar.

The prince told the movie star that soon he would be independent of his family and could marry her. Lily pointed out that marriage between them was impossible. She could never live in Detroit. Whereupon the prince set Lily's nerves all jittery by threatening to come out to Hollywood and get a job...

"I finally talked heem out of that," Lily sighs. "He couldn' act an' I told heem so. An' there are no other jobs out here at presen'." Three hours out of Chicago, the Prince gave in to the inevitable, took it on the chin and left the train.

"We luff each other vary moch," says Lily, alluding to Sidney. "But we can't be married yet. Seedney does not want to marry me while I am steel een peectures. Seedney, he hate Hollywood. He hate to stand around on the set an' hand me my make-up box! He's a real man!"

"I wouldn't live in Hollywood," Smith told me, "if it was the last spot on earth! You may be sure that Lily and I will never be married so long as she is a movie star!"

"Thees ees no cheap luff affair!" Lily would have you know. "Thees ees vary serious." And from the look in her eye, I have a hunch that this time Lily means business. Business, that is, of a matrimonial nature. They had one narrow squeak—at Las Vegas, Arizona. They would have been married if Lily hadn't refused to give up her career.

And now Sidney Smith has returned to New York and Lily can't go East until May. Furthermore, her contract lasts for two years. And that's a long time, during which many things could happen, including new engagements.



The Hohenzollerns frowned upon Prince Louis Ferdinand's engagement to Lily—but that didn't matter to Ferdinand



# DIETRICH'S NEW ESCORT SAYS HE'S "JUST A FRIEND"

MARLENE SEEN EVERYWHERE WITH  
HANS VON TWARDOWSKI, FORMER  
LEADING MAN IN GERMANY, BUT  
ACTOR DENIES ANY ROMANCE

By CAROL BENTON



Richee

HOLLYWOOD used to recite a little nursery rhyme that ran, "Everywhere that Dietrich goes, Von Sternberg's sure to go." The reference was to the sensational Marlene and her shaggy-haired director, seldom seen in public without one another. Now they have been joined by a third—Marlene's former leading man in Germany, a good-looking young chap named Hans von Twardowski. And Hollywood has begun to chant only the end of the nursery rhyme: "Von Sternberg's sure to go."

The newest "von" in Marlene's life didn't come to Hollywood to woo fame as the Dietrich escort, but to act in American movies. You'll probably have your first glimpse of him in "Grand Hotel." In that projected production, M-G-M hopes to outdo itself, overcome some temperamental differences, and give you not only two, but four stars in one picture. Imagine—if you can—the mysterious Garbo, the flaming Crawford, the romantic Gilbert and the virile Gable all on the screen at the same time! And for good measure, as the fifth principal character in the Vicki Baum story—the doomed invalid, Doctor Otto—the big, blond and handsome newcomer named Hans von Twardowski. There's a lot of talent for you!

Before Marlene was "discovered" by Josef von Sternberg in Berlin, she and von Twardowski had played together on the stage and in several motion pictures—one of which, translated, means, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame."

"She was not an unknown, as people here seem to think," explains Hans in his careful English. "Already she was quite famous. Much more famous than was Garbo in Europe. Dietrich was the star in the revue in which Mr. von Sternberg saw her the first time."

Twardowski has been in Hollywood since December, having been imported to play in foreign versions. But he has been studying English, with the result that he now has a

year's contract with M-G-M and the prospect of being in the amazing cast of "Grand Hotel." Surprisingly enough, he gives the credit for his progress to none other than Josef von Sternberg.

"Mr. von Sternberg has helped me so much," he says. "I don't know how I should have learned to speak the English without him. With Marlene, too, he works always to make her speak without the accent. Now she talks English so well people say, 'Pooh, she is not a German!' But she learned English when a child, from a British nurse. When I came to America I could only say 'Yas' and 'No.'"

Hollywood rumor has it that Marlene's studio looks approvingly at her new escort, particularly since Mrs. Riza von Sternberg, estranged wife of their brilliant director, has brought suit against Marlene for alienation of affections—a suit that the star is fighting bitterly. However, the suit has seemed to make little difference to either Marlene or her director—for von Sternberg usually makes a threesome when she and von Twardowski are seen together. Von Twardowski laughs at the hints of romance either between him-

self and Marlene, or between Marlene and von Sternberg.

"We are friends," he declares. "In Berlin, I am often visitor at the home of herself and her director-husband, Rudolf Sieber, who is also my friend. Anyone who knows the Siebers at home knows how foolish is any talk that they are not happy together. When he came to visit her this summer, we were four good friends together—Von Sternberg, Rudolf, Marlene and I. Among ourselves we laugh at the lawsuit Mrs. von Sternberg brings."

"This lawsuit, it is unkind. When Mr. von Sternberg made 'The Blue Angel,' every actress wanted to play the heroine. In this country, it was just a picture; but in Germany

it was the rage. There were streets named 'Blue Angel,' and restaurants. Women wore 'Blue Angel' hats. It was natural that Mrs. von Sternberg, who was an actress, should want to play the heroine herself, *nicht*? But there is nothing—nothing at all—to this gossip of romance between Marlene and von Sternberg. I am welcome at her home here; I should know."

"Marlene is lonesome for her husband. She has no friends in this country. She never goes to parties. In Germany, also, she lives very quietly. Few people know her. But sometimes she must go out, *nicht*? So her director, the only one she knows, goes with her. And now I—an old friend of her own country—take her to picture openings."

Marlene will go abroad for Christmas, just to see her husband. Hans von Twardowski explains. Also, perhaps, she will leave her little girl in Germany, for Maria is now nearly old enough to go to school and Marlene wants her to grow up in German ways. Upon Marlene's return, Hollywood whispers, there might be a part for Hans in a Dietrich picture.

He was in the first great German picture—"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." He wants still to play complex, mysterious characters—"men with secrets, strange men"—rather than simple American heroes. He likes Hollywood so well that if "Grand Hotel" shows that he has a real future here, he will become an American citizen.



Marlene Dietrich and Hans von Twardowski at opening of "Devotion." Where is Josef von Sternberg, her former constant companion?



Marlene's new escort says she and her husband, Rudolf Sieber (above), are happy—and will spend Christmas together



# YOUNG SCREEN ACTOR QUILTS THE MOVIES AND RETURNS TO THE STAGE

**Kent Douglass Turns Down Big Hollywood Offers As He Prefers The Footlights. He Is First Actor To Abandon Promising Screen Career Voluntarily**

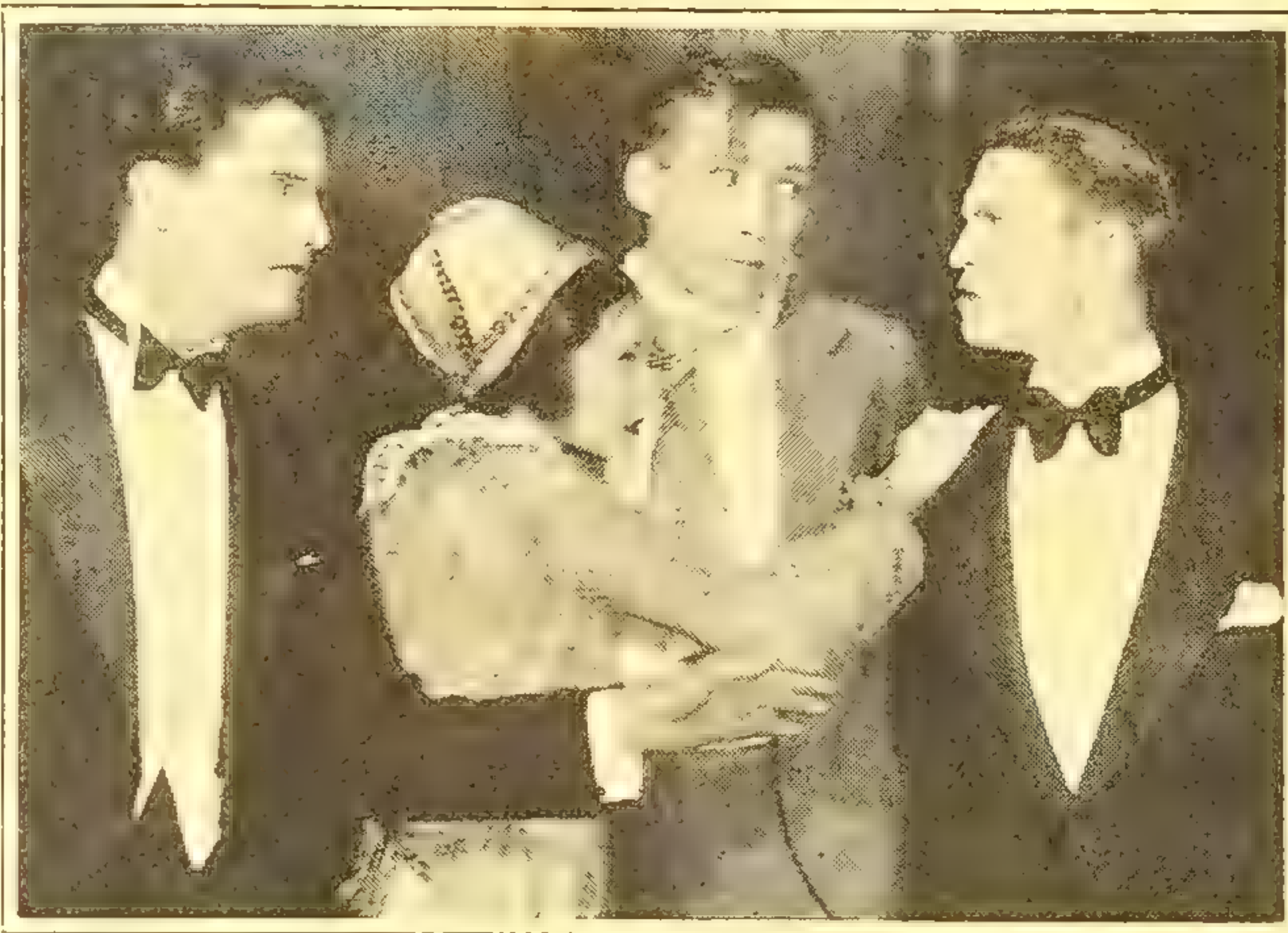
**BY J. A. O'BRIEN**

WITH three studios searching for him for parts in forthcoming productions, a husky blonde youth stepped aboard a New York-bound plane at three o'clock in the morning, and one more picture career came to an abrupt halt. Douglass Montgomery, known on the screen as Kent Douglass, had made good his threat of leaving Hollywood as soon as his option expired. This is all the more surprising since he grew up in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Returning last year from New York, where he had made a name for himself as a stage juvenile, the young actor was greeted in the old home-town with offers from Paramount and M-G-M. He signed with the latter studio—and within a few days found himself with dyed hair, a changed name, and a part that had little resemblance to the sort of rôles that won him an international success with the Theater Guild.

At first, apparently, Douglass was believed to have a "black-haired personality," but it soon was discovered that he was more effective in his natural coloring. The name-switch grew out of the fact that the company, with Robert Montgomery already granted stardom, had no wish for another "Montgomery" in its billings. Douglass is said to have agreed to the logic of this, but later found himself unable to get used to the new studio-picked name of "Kent Douglass." The full name that his parents gave him is Robert Douglass Montgomery.

Young Douglass, after a school career in Los Angeles that included association with the largest prep-school theatrical



White

Left to right, James Rennie, Sylvia Sidney, Kent Douglass and Chester Morris in the stage production of "Crime"—which made all four famous

group in the world, made a big hit with the Pasadena Community Players. He then moved on to New York to score with Mary Boland and Pauline Lord, and later to consolidate his place with Sylvia Sidney, Kay Johnson, James Rennie, Kay Francis and Chester Morris in "Crime." Following this, he went into the Guild, giving eloquent support to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "Caprice" and "Volpone." With a Guild company, he went abroad and enjoyed great success. It was on his return from this tour, that

Hurrell



At fourteen, he was playing Lionel Barrymore's son in "The Copperhead"

he decided to take his first vacation in four years with his family in Pasadena.

"I was attracted to the films at first," he said not long before his abrupt departure. "The crowd was all for them, and that seemed a healthy sign. As a young actor, I wondered if I should be with the livest theatrical enterprise of the period. So I signed. It was a mistake. I messed up everything—terribly. I am better suited to the stage than I am to pictures.

**I'm going back where I belong."**

In doing so, Douglass turned down an excellent offer from Universal, for whom he had made his last two pictures, "Waterloo Bridge" and "Heart and Hand." This agreement was reported to have started in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars a week, with increases and promises of stardom. The studio also was willing to let him resume his own name of Douglass Montgomery, even offering—at a cost of thousands of dollars—to call in all the advance advertising on "Waterloo Bridge," in which he was billed as Kent Douglass. But so convinced was Douglass that he is unsuited to the films, despite the success he scored in "Five and Ten" and the two pictures for the Laemmles, that he could not be persuaded to stay.

Erich von Stroheim hoped to persuade him to stay and enact the boy's part in his forthcoming "Walking Down Broadway." But it was too late; Douglass already had signed for a show in New York. Von Stroheim also has gone East, and perhaps they will get together there.

Douglass is the second desertion in Hollywood in recent weeks. Leslie Howard also has turned his back upon the films in favor of the stage. But while Howard's health is such as to demand more peaceful work than Hollywood offers, Douglass left merely from choice. Thus he becomes the first young actor ever voluntarily to resign a fat contract and a bright future in pictures.

He is now playing in New York in the male lead of "Nikki," which appeared on the screen as "The Last Flight," opposite Fay Wray, whose name also is familiar to fans and whose husband, John Monk Saunders, authored the story. In this he is treading the boards under his own name, convinced that a Montgomery does not act so well under any other.



# NEW STAR RISKS LIFE TO MEET FANS

LIL DAGOVER, FAMOUS GERMAN ACTRESS, MAKES AIR TOUR OF UNITED STATES ON WAY TO HOLLYWOOD—IN THREE AIRPLANE ACCIDENTS

By  
SUE DIBBLE

LIL DAGOVER, famous German actress risked her life three times and lost fifteen pounds traveling across the United States to Hollywood to start on "The Captain's Wife" for First National.

Not that she needed to lose them. She is said to have the most beautiful shoulders and back in the world. They have been insured for twenty thousand dollars. But the insurance company didn't count on her taking a trip of thirty thousand miles in fourteen days, visiting thirty cities, traveling in twenty-five different airplanes. Her sponsors wanted her to see America, and wanted America to see Dagover.

In those tumultuous two weeks she gave a hundred interviews in her new English—she had been studying the language only five months—and shook thousands of hands. She met the Mayors of cities and the Governors of States, posed for hundreds of photographs, spoke at a dozen dinners, laid cornerstones, and addressed German societies. She managed a stunning new costume every day from a single large suit case. And she was almost killed in three airplane accidents.

Leaving Washington, D. C., the plane in which she was a passenger, developed brake trouble, rose a few feet above the field and began going around in circles. The pilot managed to make a safe landing and the party was transferred to another 'plane. Again, as they approached Pittsburgh, flying over the Alleghenies—the most dangerous air route in the country—a terrific rainstorm enveloped them. The "ceiling" was so low they were in danger of crashing into a mountainside and finally made a forced landing on a hillside, skidding across a hayfield and stopping a few feet from a tree.

The third accident filled the streets of Indianapolis with newsboys shouting, "Extra! Foreign Movie Star Killed! Lil Dagover Lost In Storm!"

It was almost true. Twenty-five miles from the city, Hubert Voight, the publicity man accompanying the star, looked out of the window of the 'plane into blazing afternoon sunshine, and saw one of those famous Middle Western hurricanes approaching in the shape of an enormous black cloud. Straining his engine to the utmost, the pilot raced the cloud, but it caught up with them. Instantly they were plunged into total darkness, while a terrific wind snatched



Longworth

Lil Dagover hails from Germany, where she is even better known than Marlene Dietrich. She's now making her first American talkie, after speaking English for five months

up the 'plane like a leaf and sent it whirling completely out of control.

"Suddenly we were upside down," relates Voight. "I clutched the side of the cabin with one hand and held Miss Dagover down with my other arm, and we rolled over and over. She was perfectly still, and I thought she had fainted—until the 'plane suddenly fell out of the storm cloud into the sunshine, *one hundred feet above the ground!*"

"The pilot managed to wrench us out of the spin and climb above the trees. I looked at Dagover. She was pale but smiling. 'That was nothing at all, compared to

Below, she arrives in New York—little expecting that she's going to do a lifetime of traveling in the next two weeks



Cosmo

the experience I had once, flying across the Alps from Berlin to Rome,' she said. A few moments later we made a forced landing on a stubble field, and raced to the nearest farmhouse. And it was there, while waiting for the storm to abate, that Miss Dagover had her first taste of watermelon. She insisted on eating it everywhere else we went, and I think that's why she lost the fifteen pounds—not because of the strenuous trip. She didn't realize it was especially hard; she evidently just thought it was America!"

This is not Lil Dagover's first trip to Hollywood. Paramount brought her over two years ago, but she never stepped before a camera. It is said that jealousy between two rival producers was the cause. Whatever the reason, she left for Berlin a few short weeks after her arrival. This time, before she would sign a contract, she insisted that the story and director of her first American-made talkie should be of her own choosing.

She was born in Java, Dutch East Indies, of a German father and a French Huguenot mother—and her name then was Lilith Witt. Taken to Germany at the age of six, she has lived there since, except when tempted abroad by theatrical or screen offers. She has been acting since she was twelve.

In Germany she is more famous than Marlene Dietrich. In Paris, she has earned the name of *La Dame Blanche*, because she

is usually dressed in spotless white. When she goes to England, she is publicized as "The Darling of the Continent."

She lays claim to a couple of beauty secrets. One, drink a tablespoonful of olive oil in the morning. Two, massage skin with almond oil. And you might add two teaspoonfuls of etheric oil to both. She follows her own advice.

There isn't a bit of doubt that First National has brought The White Lady to Hollywood to rival Garbo and Dietrich. And if energy means anything, she'll do it. She has both Greta and Marlene outclassed in that respect.

Where Greta and Marlene are more or less content to take things easy (both believe in plenty of relaxation) Lil Dagover is restless with energy. She should have no trouble adapting herself to the American spirit, and, given half a chance, develop as large a following as her more famous rivals.

Life was just one bouquet and one airplane ride after another for Lil Dagover upon her arrival in America. Three of the twenty-five 'planes in which she rode made forced landings





Mitchell

# LEW AYRES AND LOLA LANE MAKE UP AND MARRY

AFTER TWO YEARS OF ON-AND-OFF  
ROMANCE, YOUNG COUPLE SURPRISE  
HOLLYWOOD WITH "ELOPEMENT"—  
HOPED TO KEEP MARRIAGE SECRET

By JOAN STANDISH

THE battling lovers of Hollywood (Lew Ayres and Lola Lane) went and did what everybody believed couldn't possibly happen—they got married! They even "eloped." But as romantic as the event may have been to the outside world, it was in the same class as a Ripley Believe-It-Or-Not so far as Hollywood was concerned.

Less than a month before they sprang the surprise, Lew and Lola weren't speaking to one another. From the very beginning their love has been as stormy as the night-boat ride to San Francisco. One moment they were madly in love; five minutes later they politely and cordially "hated" each other.

Lew and the blonde Lola met when Lew was just scaling the cinema heavens in "All Quiet on the Western Front." At that time Lola was still a brunette. They fell madly in love with one another. Hollywood waited for wedding bells to ring out. Instead, Lew and Lola had a grand fight. It lasted for about three weeks. When they made up (this time more devoutly interested in each other than ever before), Hollywood again waited for—and expected—wedding bells. Instead they had another fight.

For more than two years Lew and Lola cried "Wolf"—and you know what happened in that legend. Well, Hollywood grew cold, too. Ayres and Lane were just a couple of false alarms so far as Cupid was concerned.

During one of their battles Lew's name was linked with Joan Bennett's. Lew and Joan were said to be quite "that way"—until John Considine, Jr., temporarily stalked back into Joan's life. (He lately seems to have gone for good.)

During another break-up, Lew is said to have become ardently interested in Billie Dove. This is just a whisper, but they say Lew is the boy who made Howard Hughes jealous. At least, the young producer spent one entire evening glar-

ing at Lew and Billie as they danced together at Marion Davies' house. After that the Hughes-Dove romance never seemed to get back on the same footing again.

And as for Lola—well, Lola wasn't a little sit-by-the-fire herself. Only one thing burned Lola up. That was when a writer said she and Lew weren't "suited to one another."

"What does she mean—I'm not Lew's type of girl?" she howled. "Lew and I may fight, but we feel the same about everything." (You figure that one out!)



Here are Mr. and Mrs. Ayres with those "just married" smiles. A month before, Lola prophesied they'd marry in haste, the next time they made up

About the middle of August, Lew and Lola had another one of their famous smashes. During that time I went to a theater with Lola (minus Lew). There seemed to be no doubt in her mind but that she and the boy-friend would eventually make up.

"And when Lane and Ayres make up," she hinted, "they really make up. I shouldn't be surprised if we were married in a hurry the next time we do it!" Lola spoke with the tongue of a prophet.

On September 15, a Los Angeles newspaper reporter just *happened* to be walking past the Court House at Las Vegas, Nevada. He was there on an entirely different mission. But the real "scoop" of his trip was when Lew Ayres and Lola Lane came tripping down the steps of the Court House with a marriage license in their hands. "We wanted to keep this a secret," they shouted in their happiness, "but you would have to find us out!"

They selected Las Vegas because an old friend of theirs Judge William E. Orr held court there—and, they drove all night to get there, just as June Collyer and Stuart Erwin had done previously. The Judge was conducting a murder trial when Lew and Lola showed up, and there, in the presence of the prisoner and the jury, Lew and Lola were married. Actor Le Roy Mason (you saw him in "The Viking") and his actress-wife, Rita Carewe, were best man and maid-of-honor, respectively. Lola wore a yellow ensemble with a raft of orchids on her shoulder. Lew wore a big, broad grin. From Las Vegas the young couple left for a honeymoon in the Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming.

Everything is just fine and dandy. Even the studio isn't sore that their most heart-breaking juvenile is all tied up.

But what are all the pretty girls going to do—Joan Bennett and Billie Dove and Joan Marsh? And they do say that John Gilbert was beginning to show a real interest in Lola.

If Lew and Lola make matrimony as interesting as they made their romance—well, it won't be a dull marriage, to say the least.



# STUDIO WAITRESS HAS PSYCHIC POWER— FORETELLS FUTURE FOR GARBO AND GABLE

TWO OF JESSIE BECK'S PREDICTIONS ALREADY FULFILLED.  
HER SIXTH SENSE TELLS HER WHAT SHE SEES IN  
STORE FOR SHEARER, CRAWFORD AND OTHERS

By JERRY LANE

"I FEEL that there was a man in Greta Garbo's early life, who is in some way connected with this secret she guards so closely," said Jessie Beck, pretty little waitress in the M-G-M commissary. "There isn't an hour of her day or night when she is free from sorrow. The first time I saw her, I wanted to run off somewhere and cry—there was such a black pall hanging over her..."

"And soon she will go through a sad experience similar to one she has had before. I'm not sure what the nature of it will be, but it's possible that it will give her a new outlook on life. If she lets herself go and gives in to her natural instinct to like people, she will be an entirely new person by the time she is thirty-two. She will be laughing, gay—a person who vibrates happiness. She'll have a number of glorious love affairs, but they never will last long."

The prophetic Jessie has no idea how she came to have this sixth sense. She's not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—but she has Irish blue eyes and maybe that partly accounts for it. Serving the stars is the biggest thrill of her life. She says they relax like ordinary humans when they eat, and they respond to her. She turns very hot or very cold when she feels a premonition coming. Then she stops still. It passes in front of her in the form of a mental picture. For example, often when she's near Norma Shearer, she sees a garden of rosebuds. There are large, ugly thorns on the stems, but as the roses bloom, the thorns seem to fall away.

"That's symbolic of her life," Jessie explained. "She has had many obstacles to overcome in order to reach her present place. She's courageous and has a beautiful spiritual outlook of which the public knows nothing. She will be extremely happy in her marriage. There are more children coming to her—two more at least."

"It was a queer thing about Lon Chaney. He came into the dining-room almost every noon and I had no vision about him. But one day I was rushing

through and as I approached his table I was taken violently ill. I felt perfectly well one minute and the next I was doubled up with pain. Another waitress stopped to help me and as we turned back to the kitchen, I saw white flowers all around Mr. Chaney. I wanted to tell him about them when I suddenly realized he knew they were there and was content to have them. He sensed that death was coming to him. He was prepared for it. As we were making salads that afternoon, I told the girls he hadn't long to live. Four months later he died.

"The spirit of Lon Chaney is coming back, however. It will come over another star on this same lot and people will think it uncanny how the new star resembles Lon."

"Several astrologers have written in magazines lately that Marie Dressler will soon pass on. It doesn't look that way to me. It looks as if she is going to live for quite some time. And her greatest rôle is yet to come. Some new writer has a story in mind that will be submitted to the studio shortly before Christmas and in it Marie will rise to greater heights than she did in 'Anna Christie' or 'Min and Bill.'"

Jessie's predictions have a way of coming true to the last word. She foretold that Cliff Edwards' son was to meet with a terrible accident—she saw a gigantic black engine bearing down on him. Shortly after-



Jessie Beck,  
waitress at the  
M-G-M studio  
restaurant

ward the boy lost both legs in a railway mishap. Now she has a warning for Lawrence Tibbett.

"Within the next four or five months something will occur to hurt him dreadfully. It appears to be either a severe illness or the death of a person he loves very much. He should watch every step he, himself, takes for there are risks ahead for him—as well as happiness such as he has never known. The woman with whom he will find happiness will be rather small and either extremely light or extremely dark. I don't believe he has met her yet, but he will soon."

"The next year will bring many changes in the life of Joan Crawford. She will have two very flattering offers—possibly in connection with radio or stage work. The first, if she is wise, she will refuse, and the second she'll accept. A time is due to come in the very near future when she'll be very glad she has money. She should save every penny against this time, when she will need her entire fortune. I see danger for her if she rides horseback during the next three months. After that she has nothing to fear from it."

"When I see little Jackie Cooper in these visions, he is always drooping as if he were exhausted. Then someone comes along, picks him up and he's all right again. I attribute this to illness that lies in wait for him. If he can circumvent it, he will be great. He'll become very business-like and exacting as he grows older, but he'll never lose that natural charm which has made him famous."

"Clark Gable is still in a potential state. He hasn't begun to reach the heights. Just before he makes his most successful picture, he'll be almost indifferent to his screen career. Unbeknown to Hollywood, he's planning a big business venture that will absorb his interest when he's away from the studio. He hasn't said anything about it because he's the kind that can keep things to himself. All rumors to the contrary, he looks very happy to me in his present marriage. If any discord does come, it will be wholly his fault, for he is ideally mated."

Before she was called away to serve another customer, Jessie said, "I want to help people with my psychic vision. So many lives get all tangled up—I'd like to help straighten them out. Do you think I can?"

Jessie was right about Lon Chaney and Cliff Edwards' son. Will her new predictions come true? Watch your headlines and see!



A corner of the private restaurant at the M-G-M studio where Jessie Beck, the psychic waitress, serves such notables as Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer





Chidnoff

Joseph Schenck is said to have asked Norma to be sure of happiness before seeking divorce

By  
NANCY PRYOR

**I**S Norma Talmadge on the verge of seeking a Reno divorce? Rumors in the affirmative become more and more persistent—even though Norma has long been one star that Hollywood never expected to see in divorce court.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, producer Joseph Schenck, have been separated for three years. Yet both have emphatically denied they contemplated divorce action. Immediately after their break, both Norma and Mr. Schenck gave statements to the press that practically coincided on this point: "Yes, we have parted. But we are not going to be divorced."

Many reasons for this "friendly separation" were advanced by Hollywood. Perhaps the most important was that Norma and the genial Joseph Schenck owned a great deal of property jointly, and their community property welded them financially in marriage, though the spirit of the union might be broken.

Another suggested reason was the great feeling existing between them—on Schenck's part, a deep affection for the girl who was his wife and greatest box-office attraction for so many years; and on Norma's part, sincere fondness for the man who had done so much for her and her family.

Perhaps at the time of the immediate break, Norma *did* want a divorce. It would have given her the freedom she so keenly desired—another life, possibly another great love. It is said that Norma

# IS NORMA TALMADGE HEADING FOR DIVORCE?

WHEN STAR PARTED FROM HUSBAND, JOSEPH SCHENCK, THREE YEARS AGO, SHE DENIED DIVORCE PLANS—NOW REPORTED TO HAVE CHANGED MIND



Cannons

remarked at the time of their parting: "I have had everything in life but great personal happiness. I think that now I am entitled to find that if I can."

And the kindly, wise Schenck, who has guided every step of her brilliant career, who lavishly mounted her productions and watched her climb to a pinnacle equaled only by Mary Pickford, nodded in understanding of his young wife's argument. But because he is so deeply fond of Norma, he wanted her to be sure her real happiness lay in separation from him. It is rumored that he said to her: "Wait. Be sure you are right before you take such a definite step. If you are right, time will only convince you. Time will be the ultimate test."

For three years Norma and Schenck have waited to see what time held for them.

In professional activities, both have suffered from the separation. The star of Norma's great fame began to wane following her break with her producer-husband. True, she made several pictures for him after that, but Norma as a talkie star did not register the success she knew as a silent player. Her contract with United Artists lapsed six or eight months before

Schenck himself resigned from that organization, turning over his reins of presidency to Samuel Goldwyn. Since

leaving United Artists, Schenck has not produced pictures, and like Norma is practically in retirement from active picture work. There is a persistent report now going the rounds, however, that Norma is about to make another talkie—this time for M-G-M.

As for their personal affairs, time seems to have settled in favor of Norma's stand. And now no one would be surprised to see an immediate divorce between these two good friends.

The local prophets who have had Norma heading for Reno said that she would be accompanied by her mother. Norma and Mrs. Peg Talmadge would journey to San Francisco to see Gilbert Roland (Norma's former leading man) with Jane Cowl in their stage production of "Camille." From San Francisco, Norma and her mother would fly to Reno to investigate the divorce routine.

At the last moment it was decided that Mrs. Talmadge had not sufficiently recovered from a recent operation to make the trip North. Norma went up to San Francisco alone and returned to Los Angeles the next day, without a side-trip to Reno.

But the fact that she went as far as San Francisco, as predicted, would seem to bear out the story that Norma is thinking of divorce. Perhaps time has given its answer.

Perhaps she has come to envy the happy domestic states of her two sisters—Natalie, married these many years to Buster Keaton; and Constance, whose third marriage (to wealthy Townsend Netcher) is an unqualified success. At least, there is reason to believe that if Norma does seek a divorce she will marry again. There have been romance rumors about Norma and Gilbert Roland.

There have been persistent romance rumors about Norma and her former leading man, Gilbert Roland (with her at left). It was after a trip to San Francisco to see him that Norma was expected to fly over to Reno

Alexander





# CONNIE BENNETT'S HUGE SALARY STARTS TROUBLE

UNEMPLOYED RESENT HER WEEKLY WAGE OF \$30,000—EVEN SISTER JOAN RECEIVED POISON-PEN LETTERS—WALL STREET AND RIVAL PRODUCERS OBJECT

By AUDREY RIVERS

JOAN BENNETT, lying in a plaster cast in a hospital bed, received a letter the other day. It was not an ordinary fan letter. It ran something like this: "It was a pity it wasn't your neck, instead of your hip, you broke when you tried to show off by riding a horse when you don't know how to ride. *Hips heal*. It served you right, though, you and your sister, earning all that money when other girls can't get any work." It went on in this strain for several pages. Cruel words. Words breathing hate. And it was signed, "The Girl's Club of Hollywood." It was probably penned by an "extra" girl out of work.

Joan Bennett was upset by this letter. She lives quietly, dresses simply. Her salary has never been especially spectacular. But she was reaping the harvest of the sensational success of her sister Constance.

Last spring a local newspaper carried a story about Connie's salary. It was revealed that she was to earn thirty thousand dollars a week from Warner Brothers for making "Bought" for them in a ten-week vacation from Pathé. Big salaries don't ordinarily mean much to Hollywood. It's a poor luncheon at any film restaurant where you can't hear talk of millions. But the news of Connie's good luck came at the height of the depression, when the public was beginning to feel a little hungry, a trifle shabby, and bitterly discouraged.

Moreover, the writer of that article did some playful arithmetic with Connie's salary that caught the imagination. She estimated just how much it would cost Warner Brothers when Connie yawned, answered the telephone, changed her dress, or said "good morning" to the director. She figured that it would take

seventy-five dollars worth of time for a lipstick to be used on the famous Bennett lips. Incidentally, the writer of the article earns just a typical newspaper reporter's salary.

That clever little newspaper story was almost too clever. It probably hurt the motion picture industry—not to mention Constance Bennett—more than any one other story ever written about the films. Against the background of country-wide depression, newspaper columnists and editorial writers seized on that tale of the tremendous salary being paid a girl in her early twenties, and made sharp comments about it. Letters began to pour in to the studios, desperate letters from the out-of-work, dangerous letters from the dissatisfied.

The Bennett story, had another effect. Wall Street read about the five-thousand-dollar-a-day salary and gasped. A prominent financial magazine printed an article, "Film Industry's Day of Reckoning at Hand,"

threatening the movies with reduced loans, and mentioning Constance Bennett's earnings derisively.

The studio that paid the salary argued that box-office returns had justified the investment in Connie's bloneness. They insisted that she would have been a good rental proposition at fifty thousand a week. Other producers protested violently. News of such a salary was bound to make their own stars disgruntled. Some producers even wanted to go so far as to ask exhibitors to boycott her films—but cooler heads prevailed.

When Constance Bennett went to Monte Carlo on her recent European trip, she tried her luck at the tables—and lost. Connie is not a girl one can write about in moderation. Sensational stories as to the amount of her losses appeared in newspaper headlines. It was whispered that she had lost in one evening's play all the money that she earned at Warner Brothers'.

This was not true. From no other source than Connie herself we learn that, though a tidy little sum, she did not toss a fortune onto the green baize tables.

But Connie isn't bandying sums of money about in print any longer. Not since she was deluged with nearly a hundred thousand letters of protest and indignation after a magazine printed an article telling how she spent a quarter million a year on clothes. Not after beggars hounded her for years because it was said that wealthy Philip Plant had settled a million on her at the time of their divorce.

Money publicity has hurt Connie—badly. It has hurt her family. The other day, Richard Bennett, father of Connie and Joan turned on a newspaper woman with withering words when she mentioned money to him. Joan Bennett, lying on a sick-bed, sheds tears over poison-pen letters from girls who hate her for her sister's salary.



Constance Bennett (above) earned \$5,000 a day when she made "Bought"—and became unpopular overnight with disgruntled fans, other stars and producers

International

Joan Bennett (below), recovering from hip fracture, receives a letter-of-hate that says "it serves you right, you and your sister, for earning all that money"





# LOOKING

## GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



Charles (Buddy) Rogers is tuning up that mandolin again—and hoping he'll get a chance to play it in "The Jazz King." Buddy's first love, you know, is music, not acting

Gordon

**C**LARK GABLE almost had his coat and vest and golf knickers torn off at the preview of "Susan Lenox" in a small town near Hollywood. The only reason Clark didn't come home in a barrel is because he managed to outrun the hysterical *femmes* who were waiting for him at the finish of the picture.

Poor Gable! He tried to smile and "be nice" to the crowd until the ladies began to tear and pull at his necktie and his shirt. When one of the small-town vamps began to shout, "Give us a kiss," and all the other small-town vamps seemed bent on putting the suggestion into action, Clark made a run for his car, jumped on the running-board and drove to a dark corner a mile away where he was later joined by his wife.

Some folks call it Fame—but that isn't what Clark calls it!

**I**S Hans von Twardowski going to supplant Director Josef von Sternberg as Marlene Dietrich's favorite Hollywood escort?

Is Marlene merely being hospitable in welcoming her former leading man of German films to the Hollywood colony?

Or is Marlene so weary of the "romance" whispers that link her name with von Sternberg's that she is entertaining Hans to divert the persistent gossip to other channels?

Who wants to know? Just Hollywood.



What's all the scooting for? Mary Carlyle, M-G-M newcomer, is just training for the race to stardom

**N**OW they are announcing babies a year or two in advance!

Lilyan Tashman Lowe started it when she told reporters that there would be an addition in the home of the Edmund Lowes within "two years . . . or else . . ."

And now, along comes Joan Crawford and announces to the press that she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are "considering" having a baby very shortly. "Perhaps it will help to put a stop to all this divorce gossip about us," says the maternal-minded Joan.

Do you like this "modern maiden" angle on motherhood, or are you one of those quaint old-fashioned souls who believe that baby announcements should be found in the vital statistics column?

**S**EEN *At The Opening Of "Camille" (Stage Version)*  
With Jane Cowl and Gilbert Roland:



If you remember her in the boudoir scenes in "The Smiling Lieutenant"—and how could you forget them?—you'll see a radical change in Miriam Hopkins in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But nothing dared, nothing gained!

*Norma Talmadge entertaining with a theater party. Norma in white satin and ermine.*

*Norma Shearer, recently recovered from an illness, wearing a stunning black velvet gown.*



# THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

*Director Clarence Brown and Mona Maris. Mona also in black.*

*Sisters Loretta Young and Sally Blane with two unidentified escorts.*

*Roland getting a tremendous hand as he stepped onto the stage.*

*Jane Cowl, the star, making a big hit with the audience by sharing the honors with her leading man.*

LINA BASQUETTE signed for a dancing engagement at the Embassy Roof—and walked out twenty-four hours later. And was Lina mad?

It seems that on the night of Lina's grand première, Harry Rosenthal (who leads the orchestra at the Embassy) completely gummed the works. According to Lina's story, Harry mumbled her name in introduction, refused to remove a piano from the middle of the floor, thus forcing the danseuse to dance *around* it, and otherwise conducting himself as though "he was jealous of the applause I received."

So infuriated did Lina become that she stopped in the middle of a number and walked off the floor. "I'll never return as long as *that man* is there," she stormed. It's incidents like that that Hollywood loves.

AND now it comes out that Carole Lombard's illness, which forced her to leave the cast of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," was primarily caused by drastic dieting. Carole, like Joan Crawford, hasn't eaten a square meal in a long time. Her doctor forced her to go to bed and told the cook to serve her nice fattening meals: baked potatoes, chocolate cake 'n' everything.



If you ran into Richard Arlen in the Paramount gymnasium, would you know him? This is how he looks when getting ready for a big screen fight



Richee

Kay Francis shyly introduces the latest thing in underthings in "Girls About Town"



C. S. Bull

Back in Hollywood, of course, Anita Page would never think of chucking an ice man under the chin, but up in the High Sierras on vacation—well, that's different. This one is even getting a melting look

We saw Carole just recently at the Paramount Studio. She had been out of bed only a couple of days, but the new diet must have agreed with her. She looked wonderful with the five extra pounds she has gained.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and Eddie Quillan are beginning to loom up as a romantic couple.

For awhile, when these comedy boys stepped out with our prettiest ingénues, everyone merely lifted an eyebrow and remarked, "He's probably handing her a lot of laughs. Nothing serious." But since the grand-looking June Collyer eloped with Paramount's funny boy, Stuart Erwin—well, Hollywood isn't going to be caught unawares again by these young comedians.

BETTY COMPSON and Hugh Trevor have written "Finis" to their love affair several times. But their latest break seems to be definite.



Betty has a new beau. His name is Irving Weinberg. He's a broker with lots and lots of money (which makes him unique in this day of broke brokers).

But more important than anything else, Betty has stopped insisting that she doesn't plan to be married again.

**WHAT** do you think of this for a cast?  
**GRETA GARBO . . . JOHN GILBERT . . .**  
**JOAN CRAWFORD . . . CLARK GABLE** in "GRAND HOTEL."

Irving Thalberg (M-G-M executive and husband of Norma Shearer) thinks so much of it that it is practically set that these four stars will be united in Vicki Baum's sensational story.

Anyway, the folks have had a lot of fun casting the parts. Garbo as the dancer, Gilbert as the young crook, Crawford as the stenographer—everybody agrees on that line-up. But what part is Gable to have? The only other important rôle in the book is the invalid from the country. Does Gable look like an invalid to you?

**ANOTHER** intriguing feature of the casting of "Grand Hotel" is the tem-



Dyar



Freulich

Lloyd Hamilton's face is bright these days. Once "down and out," the famous comic cocked his cap over the other ear and has made a big comeback in Universal two-reelers

perament involved when these four Big Names get together. What about billing, 'n' everything?

In the original story, the two women never come together. But there is a great deal of "business" between the two principal males. What ho?

Under contract for several months, Vivienne Osborne is through sitting on the sidelines. The well-known Broadway actress breaks into talkies in "The Beloved Bachelor"



A couple of pages back, Miriam Hopkins was looking straight at you. But this time she's disturbing the peace of mind of Fredric (Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde) March. A most distracting person, this Hopkins girl!

**MARLENE** Dietrich is threatening to go back to Germany because her feelings have been hurt by the suits brought by Riza von Sternberg, estranged wife of Josef von Sternberg. You remember those suits, don't you? Alienation of affections was one. Libel, the other.

As Marlene is merely a guest in this country, she feels the immigration authorities might ask her embarrassing questions about her continued stay. There is no doubt but what Marlene has taken Riza von Sternberg's charges very seriously—perhaps much more seriously than they really warrant.

"I was just learning to be so happy here," sighs Marlene.

If she does return to Germany, it is said she will remain long enough to make a talking picture based on the life of Cleopatra. She'll probably go back for Christmas, to visit her husband, even if she doesn't plan to stay. And her little girl will go along. Marlene says that soon, alas, she must start Maria in school—in Germany.

**ROBERT WILLIAMS** pulled a funny one (but maybe it wasn't so funny to Ann Harding) at the Carhay Circle première of "Devotion." In taking his curtain call at the end of Ann's new starring picture, Bob said: "It has been wonderful making this picture with Miss Bennett." He looked panic-stricken for a moment, coughed, and then left the stage.

**IF THERE** is any star of the screen who would not resent a break like that, it is Ann Harding. She's a grand scout. Ann spent the entire intermission autographing fan books and chatting with boys and girls who had broken through





Tallulah Bankhead idly wonders what the headlines will say about her third talkie, "The Cheat." It looks like her best

the police lines to mingle with the movie folk.

Gloria Swanson, looking very beautiful in an ermine coat and very happy on the arm of Michael Farmer, was there.

Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise (Gloria's Ex) sat two rows in front of them. Gloria didn't seem to mind.

Of course, Ann's close friends, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were there to wish Ann well on the occasion of her third premiere at the Carthay. (Ann, by the way, is the first talkie star to have three such openings.)

The Wampas Baby Stars showed up in a body. Two rows in the middle of the house had been reserved for them and their escorts.

Someone must have told Marion Shilling that she very closely resembled Billie Dove. She has been doing it ever since.

#### SEEN At Ann Meredith's Beauty Parlor:

*Ruth Chatterton in black-and-red pajamas trying not to mind that a fat lady tourist was staring her out of countenance.*

*Vilma Banky in a brown sport suit visiting Hollywood from her Lake Arrowhead home.*

*Virginia Valli Farrell getting her hair waved before going shopping for "one of those new hats."*

*Virginia's small nephew being mistaken for "a boy the Farrells have adopted." They haven't adopted one.*

*Mrs. Elliott Nugent reading a movie book aloud to Mrs. Robert Montgomery who was getting her hair dried.*

IT takes quite a lot to surprise Hollywood. But even the gossips were staggered into a dazed state when John Gilbert and Ina Claire showed up at a dinner party together, arm in arm and seemingly on the very best of terms!

Considering that Ina and John had gone out of their way to dodge each other up until then, the gesture was sensational, to say the least. However, even the most romantic optimists hardly look on this as the beginning of a reconciliation.

Both John and Ina have a hankering for the sensational and when the novelty of shocking their friends and enemies has worn off, they will probably settle into that vague category of "good friends" without the hint of a romance that surrounds them at present.

THERE is a persistent rumor that Norma Shearer would like to have another baby.

The rumor was so persistent for a while that it was actually whispered Norma was expecting another "blessed event." The studio denies this—but her close friends insist that Norma does not believe in a "one-child" family and that she would like a little sister or brother not too much younger than Irving Thalberg, Jr. to grow up with him.

(Continued on page 74)



Ford Sterling takes off his fedora to the talkies. They have made him, like Lloyd Hamilton, even more popular than in silent days. He's appearing in Paramount shorts

Shalitt

Lilyan Tashman suddenly remembers that she used to be a Follies dancer and takes to the Cuban Rumba in "Girls About Town." It's quite a dance, as Lil does it

Dyar





# Why Chaplin Is A Genius —Science of Faciology Tells You

Did you ever notice Charlie's pointed ears? They tell the story of his great talent for comedy. The secret of the success of every star can be found in some outstanding facial feature. If you have similar features, now is the time to find it out. Read this article to the end!

**C**HARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN—Charlie Chaplin to you—is a small, whimsical, gypsy type who has come up from the slums of London to be the world's greatest master of humor and pathos. He has an amazing talent for pantomime—expressing more with a mere gesture than most actors can express with ringing words. The critics don't mind telling you that he is a genius. And the science of faciology—reading character by the face—tells you why.

Chaplin has had hundreds—yes, thousands—of imitators. Countless small men of his type have bedecked themselves with derbies, baggy pants, floppy shoes, trick mustaches and canes, and made money by mimicking him. His eyes, nose, mouth and chin have been seen in some of his imitators. But they all lack that certain something in their faces that makes Chaplin a genius. Study his face closely. There is one feature that stands out as different, and peculiar—a hint of his dislike of noise and love of whimsical action. *That is his pointed elfin ear.*

The dictionary tells us that the word “elf” means “a tiny spirit, in human form, delighting in tricks; a sportive child.” It is his pointed ear, sloping almost imperceptibly into the cheek, that gives Chaplin his sly, mischievous, elfin quality. You never hear of elves growing older—and Chaplin's screen character today is no older than it was fifteen years ago. This pointed ear also gives him his shyness—a characteristic he still has despite his screen triumphs and his many love affairs.

## He'd Like to Be Different

**H**E reveals his whimsical, unsatisfied longings only to his most intimate friends—just as you, if you have the same type of ear, do likewise. He loves to lie cross-legged (like an elf), while he dreams aloud of the strange great things he would do if the fates were kind. He feels sadly fated (like the elves) to do small, amusing, frivolous deeds, when he would be a doer of great and serious deeds. Denied this, he thumbs his nose in elfin spite, and pretends he doesn't care.



Charles Chaplin

Compare Chaplin with another great comedian, whose brand of humor is as different from Chaplin's as his face and dominant features. Will Rogers' most conspicuous feature, all others being equal, is his large, round-ended nose. And doesn't he relish poking it inquiringly into Old Mrs. World's business? Remember his open letters to Calvin Coolidge, then President, called “Letters from an Unofficial Ambassador to the Courts of Europe”?

If you shared with Will Rogers his type of nose, the law of averages would have this to say about it—and you. The chances are that it would denote quick thinking, common sense, purpose, sincerity and lack of egotism. Many explorers in new fields have had just such a nose. It isn't a bit unusual that Will has flown all over the Old World and the New, making homespun observations about all he has seen and heard.

## Rule 1 For Success

**W**ILL ROGERS' “nose for news” will always be his outstanding feature, just as Chaplin's ear is the trademark of his quaint personality. But if Will Rogers had spent his life time trying to be and act like Charlie Chaplin, or vice versa, you would never have heard of either. The secret is that both have obeyed that modern injunction: “Be yourself.” They have been sharp enough to see themselves as others see them.



Jean Harlow

Chaplin's pointed, elfin ear gives a hint of his dislike of noise and love of capers. Jean Harlow's unusual eyebrows hint that she could be a sculptress. Richard Barthelmess has the chin of a born fighter



Richard Barthelmess



We are all as different as we look, yet we have the same number of features—so it is the little differences between our most prominent or outstanding features that stand for the big differences in our personalities. Most of us, however, either through education or business training, spend our days trying to be like John Jones or Sadie Smith, trying to fit into the social groove. We don't take time out to see ourselves as others *might* see us—if we only gave them the chance. We don't take the time, except perhaps when we go to the movies and see people who remind us of ourselves.

The unerring eye of a casting director, scanning a group of actors and considering their ability to *look* a part, as well as act it, consciously or sub-consciously scans their features for a preponderance here or there. With every actor and actress who has risen to stardom, it is the one accentuated feature that has stressed their fitness for the parts they were cast to play—the parts that made them famous.

#### Connie's Valuable Chin

CONSIDER the beautiful, appealing face of Constance Bennett, with all its soft curves, the large eyes, the rainbow-shaped eyebrows, the cupid's-bow lips. These are not unusual. But there is something unusual about Connie's face—one feature stronger than the rest, one feature that makes her an exception among most blondes. Note the wide, straight chin and jaw. This speaks a universal language—and means dependability and a firm-



Will Rogers

ness most unusual with her type in general.

This, you may be sure, is the feature that catches the casting director's eye—and stamps Connie as a girl to play a lovable, intelligent personality, yet one who could go through soul-searing trials



Joan Crawford

and remain adamant to temptation, if she were being true to a principle or promise. Imagine the change in her appearance—and the corresponding change in her personality—if she had a small, rounding chin and jaw! If you take a pencil and shade off the point of her chin and gently curve the straight jaw, you will see how you have weakened her strongest facial characteristic.

The point is this: each of us has some outstanding characteristic that, like Constance Bennett's jaw, may be a worry to us, but in reality is the index to a mental quality that should be developed to make us stand out as an individual or a personality. If you share this type of chin

Chevalier's lower lip is his greatest asset. Connie Bennett's prominent jaw marks her as a stronger personality than the usual blonde. Will Rogers has "a nose for news." Joan Crawford's eyes make her a natural dancing daughter



Maurice Chevalier

with Connie, you are lucky.

Maurice Chevalier has splendid, clear-cut features—all the features of a charming fellow, but the lower lip literally and figuratively stands out and demands attention and analysis. Is it any wonder that he was chosen to play the lead in "The Love Parade"? You might

say anything you liked about his mouth, but you could not honestly say it looked puritanical or in the least repressed.

#### Gayety in That Lower Lip

IF you also have the Chevalier lip—which was known in the days of royalty as the Hapsburg lip—you have a love of luxury and abundance, and look with disdain on your thin-lipped brethren. If there had been enough people with this kind of lip in the United States, the Eighteenth Amendment would never have become law. Over-indulgence in the luxuries of life is a tendency with people who have such a lower lip. However, Chevalier's early life was so full of deprivation that he shares with Chaplin a desire to conserve against possible lean years in the future. If you have this sort of lip, your strong-desire nature will make you a convincing talker. Whether engaged in love or business, such natures can enthuse and inspire the objects of their desire by their passion and warmth of expression.

Gloria Swanson's light gray-blue eyes, which tip up at the outer corners, are decidedly more feline than bovine in expression—shrewd, calculating, and alert, awaiting the psychological moment to spring into action. Cecil de Mille took her as a graduate of Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, but he saw much greater possibilities with the keen mind that those eyes revealed than with just parading her small, well-molded body.

If you have eyes like Gloria's, you are more alert by night than by day and detest sustained effort—preferring to await the proper moment, and then, by a clever exertion of energies, quickly attain your end. Sometimes this quickness of action finds you rushing headlong into something that more deliberate judgment would have shown you not worth the effort. Such eyes have an Oriental slant and show a mind that appreciates the Orient. Gloria Swanson should have a fling at being a siren of the East—it would further enhance the mystery of her charm.

(Continued on page 77)



# Are You Up-to-date About Billie Dove?

You think you know Billie Dove? Well, you don't—not until you read this story. She's different since her return to the screen. There are certain things she doesn't do or say or like—and here, for the first time, you learn what they are and get brand-new ideas about the brand-new Billie. You'll be surprised!

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

**T**HE New Billie Dove" is not a publicity myth. Billie no longer has many of the characteristics that used to distinguish her. Physically, she has not changed—except for hair that has gone suddenly and attractively grayish. Any man, asked to describe Billie negatively, would look at her with pleasure and say promptly, "Well, she's not ugly. And she's not deformed."

Because of her rarely beautiful face and figure, Billie Dove will never be without the admiration of men. And like any other girl she is not averse to their flattery, and not happy without their attentions.

Moreover, her beauty is no longer at a disadvantage. Her taste in clothes does not in the least resemble what it was two years ago. She no longer appears in feathers and bows. She now dislikes fussy clothes, a great deal of jewelry, and too much make-up, and she is never overdressed.

Billie can never be accused of indiscretion. She will make no statements about children, mothers, religion, sex, or any of the other controversial subjects. Nobody could be more tactful and cautious than Billie.

She cannot be inveigled into making any unkind personal remarks, or even general remarks that might possibly be interpreted as being aimed at some individual. She will not consciously offend anyone or pick flaws in anyone.

She is not garrulous. She isn't inclined to confide the details of her private life, except to a few intimates. And love affairs are a tabooed topic.

## She's No Housekeeper

**B**ILLIE is not domestic, but she doesn't mind admitting that she's romantic. She can't bear raw onions or toupees, and she hates to dance with a poor dancer—which attitude you'd expect from a former Follies girl.

She dislikes box seats at the theater, and box lunches.

She doesn't like to shop for clothes more than twice a year, and she never buys short evening dresses or uncomfortable

clothes. She doesn't like brown, a color which she finds very depressing. She objects to wearing hats, and in summer manages almost never to wear one. She doesn't believe in foolish extravagance, but she thinks some extravagances are justifiable.

She doesn't like to be alone, but she'd rather be alone than with somebody she doesn't like. She won't listen to certain people on the radio, and never fails to shut off women radio announcers. She doesn't like gossips.

Billie never gets seasick, not even in an airplane.

She dislikes closed 'planes, and never flies in anything but a small open one. She doesn't want to give up flying, although her studio wants her to, and will not allow her to fly during a picture. She has not yet made a solo flight, and hates to see her brother solo. She particularly dislikes flat tires when making a landing.

Unlike most actresses, Billie does not pine to go to Europe and live in a villa on the Mediterranean, when she retires from pictures.

Moreover, she does not miss New York, and prefers not to live in any city. She has no love for cold weather.

## How She Passed That Year

**B**ILLIE is not intellectual, but she never misses a chance to develop and improve herself. She makes no secret of her interest in the arts, in which she herself dabbles with paintbrush and pen. That's how she spent most of the year she was away from the screen.

Nobody could be daintier or more feminine than Billie, but she is unmoved by the sight of blood, and does not turn a hair while engaged in her favorite sport of watching operations. She is not often depressed.

She doesn't think she is conceited, and is equally disgusted with both vulgarity and prudishness. She doesn't like pessimists, or people who are always complaining. She can't stand people who talk out loud at the movies. (Nor can anyone else.)

(Continued on page 81)







*Hal Phyle*

## JAMES DUNN

Pardon the grin, folks, but Jimmy can't help showing you how it feels to get the breaks. When Old Man Opportunity knocked at the Dunn door, Jimmy put out the "Welcome" mat, and became a sensation overnight. Since "Bad Girl," he has shown his heels to all other young hopefuls in "Sob Sister" and "Over the Hill"





After being a likable menace all day in "Arrow-smith," Myrna Loy (above) takes to her studio couch and finds relaxation in a magazine and a quiet smoke (let the ashes fall where they may). Greta Nissen (right), nursing that tired feeling after a hard day on the "Devil's Lottery" set, finds solace in lounging pajamas, a cigarette, and a snug corner of the divan



When Bette Davis (above) gets home after a day's work on "Way Back Home," the li'l girl rests her weary head against the wall behind her bed, and tries to decide if pulling down a book will make her sleepy. Kay Francis (right), home from work on "The False Madonna," is never too tired to read—not if she can don negligée and curl up on the chaise longue



WHEN  
HOLLYWOOD CHICKS  
COME HOME TO REST  
THEY  
MAKE THEMSELVES COMFY  
ON A FEATHERED NEST



Joan Marsh (above) goes a little farther than the other girls in seeking relaxation. She unleashes her hair, kicks off the shoes that have been simply killing her and tucks her tired tootsies into slippers. Then for a quiet nap! Irene Purcell (left) winds up the day by putting on parlor pajamas and stretching out on her big divan. That tired feeling disappears in the fun she has with her toy animals





Marilyn Miller hasn't gazed into a movie camera since she made "Sunny," almost a year ago. But she's smiling. She has been having a good time. Hasn't she been back on Broadway, and abroad? And didn't she time her return just right? For musicals are coming back—and she'll dance in "Her Majesty, Love"

**MARILYN REVIVES  
THAT SUNNY DISPOSITION**



# Paul Lukas Is A Love Expert— That's Why Women Love Him

Ever since Paul Lukas was a youngster in Budapest the fair sex has played a prominent part in his life. He has developed into one of the screen's greatest love experts — since he's young enough to offer excitement and old enough to offer experience

BY GLADYS HALL

**P**AUL LUKAS was born on a railroad train, a sufficient number of years ago for him to omit the date in his biography. The train was moving very fast in the direction of Budapest. Paul has been moving very fast ever since.

The son of well-to-do parents, it was supposedly written in the Lukas horoscope that the youth should follow in the footsteps of the father, who conducted a large and prosperous advertising business. Else wherefore sons? argued Lukas *père*.

Paul had one sister. She died in girlhood. His sister's death is one of the two things Paul cannot talk about. He tries to and is dumb. Her passing was his deepest hurt. It changed the gay and smiling face of life for him. He never forgets pain. He nourishes grief; old injuries and slights and injustices live within him.

Paul had a happy, carefree childhood. He doesn't remember much about it because it was so smooth and carefree. He lived in an exclusive residential district of Budapest. His maternal grandmother had a farm in the country. Paul and his sister spent their Christmases and Easters on the farm. And Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny and other figures of legend came there to keep them company. There were Yule logs and snow on the ground and stockings hung and carols sung.

When Paul was ten he had a gang. He was the leader. They called themselves the "Chicagos." They were so named because on the outskirts of Budapest there was a lively section called Chicago where ladies bright with paint, and gay with feathers, walked the squalid streets. The young "Chicagos" (and their leader) observed these ladies from ambush with awe and admiration.

Paul's most vital statistic is expressed in three words—his own: "Women — women — WOMEN." Wouldn't you *know* it? His life, from youth up, has been divided into two major interests—women and the theater. Other things are but pale shades of these.



Paul was interested in little girls when he was a very little boy. He had no illusions then and he has none now about the reason-for-being of that alluring sex. Little girls were made to be kissed by little boys, and largely, by himself. He did what their birthrights demanded of him—and has been doing the same ever since, either in shadow or in substance.

## Takes to Acting

**P**AUL was educated in the best colleges in Hungary, and developed into a good scholar. He was a very strong and virile lad. In 1912 he was in the Olympic games at Stockholm, carrying out a wrestling assignment.

In 1913 he was doing the requisite military service of his country. He thought the world was his. He led the kind of a life a movie actor leads when he is playing a young officer on the screen. There was unlimited money from the parental source.

There was wine and there was song—and there were women. Paul had sweethearts hidden here—and not hidden there. Once, he told me, he was an unmarried bigamist and had two sweethearts at one and the same time. They began to suspect the situation, and if ladies could fight duels—there would have been one.

After which came the War. It has been told to what a nauseous extent Paul loathed the War for the wanton killing of good fellows who might have been good companions in a more civilized state of affairs. It has been told how he feigned shell-shock so adroitly that he fooled his superior officers and was invalided home.

He returned home to face another war—father versus son—meeting in the front-line trench of Advertising versus Acting. Paul capitulated to

(Continued on page 72)

## ENOUGH OF HIS LIFE TO EXPLAIN HIS REPUTATION

Is a Hungarian who hails from Budapest. Has been interested in women all of his life. Had plenty of sweethearts in his youth, one of whom he married. The marriage failed. Was a wrestler at the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912. Served with Hungarian forces in World War. Was invalided home and took up acting, but hasn't made much money at it. Played on stage in Budapest and Berlin, and clever acting brought him to Hollywood and a screen contract. If he had his life to live over again he would not have pursued women so soon or so often. Second marriage is successful, his wife being an Hungarian, blonde, *chic* and of striking appearance. Loves flying, but senses the futility of everything when in the air, including theaters and women. Is fastidious about his clothes. He is as suave and sophisticated in real life as he is on the screen. Has two police dogs, but envies people with children. Is six feet tall, weighs nearly two hundred pounds, has hazel brown eyes and wears a toupee. Looks just as dangerous without it.



# The Rooftops of Hollywood

## —The Latest Fad Of The Movie Stars

The stars are all up in the air nowadays since they've taken to the rooftops of Hollywood. Roof gardens, terraces and penthouses have sprung up everywhere in the movie capital. Some of the stars use the roofs for luncheon, others to bathe in the sun. For a moderate cover charge you may see the stars dining and dancing most every evening—under the stars

**T**HERE is always something new in store for the stars. They are the best little discoverers in the world. When they aren't busy discovering some new mode or fashion or some novel way to dress a coiffure, a salad or a boudoir they turn to the paths of entertainment or pleasure for new discoveries. They may not have discovered Agua Caliente, Waikiki, Malibu, Arrowhead, Catalina and other pleasure spots, but they were the pioneers who put these places on the map. Ever since they discovered the eating places adjacent to the hills of Hollywood and Beverly—the Brown Derby (both of them), the Montmartre, the Embassy and other restaurants, the world has beaten a path to the doors and made them internationally famous.

Yes, indeed, anything that's worth discovering will be discovered in due time by a movie star. What do you suppose took your favorites down to Caliente? Didn't they want to get away from it all and discover what made the roulette wheels go round? Didn't they want to be the first to eat the sandwiches that Eddie Brandstatter named after them in the Montmartre and Embassy?

You would think there is nothing more to discover—but then you don't know your Hollywood rooftops—the latest fad of the movie capital. Here is the screen colony, largely populated with New York exiles. These New Yorkers are accustomed to elevators which carry them to the high places. What could be more natural than a New York player trying to capture something of the spirit of the metropolis by looking skyward, or looking on an elevator as a sweet reminder of high life among the skyscrapers?



Genevieve Tobin is a New York actress who could never get enough sunlight in the metropolis, but since she took up residence at the Beverly-Wilshire at Beverly Hills she has gone in strenuously for sunbaths on the hotel's rooftop



One of the gayest spots in Hollywood and a Nile green dance is the central

### In The New York Manner

**I**T may be that the New Yorkers didn't start the rooftop fashion at all. But it can't be denied that Hollywood is growing up and taking on metropolitan airs. The town does boast of several skyscrapers—and it seems to be going in for roof gardens, terraces and penthouses in a large way. Since the movie stars like to go places and do things—the rooftops are catching the crowd. You can bet

your Eugenie hat that once the leaders of the movie colony start something the rest follow like a flock of sheep. The leaders have started to dine out in the open, up in the air. And all of Hollywood has fallen in line.

The boys who boost the climate may think that the migration skyward is all wrong—that one doesn't have to take the elevator to be benefited by the sun. The climate boosters overlook the desire of the stars who want to get their feet off the ground. The architects, on the other hand, are doing their darnedest in trying to inject big city ideas in the town. Hollywood isn't going to let New York get ahead of her in the matter of living above the city. We haven't much of a city here, but we're determined to be several flights higher than the customary second floor.



BY MARK DOWLING  
AND LYNN NORRIS



Ewing Gallaway wood is the roof garden of the Roosevelt Hotel. It has pale green and orange floor. This roof is one of the favorite lunching places of Laura La Plante who figure facing you from the near-by table

### By The Light Of A Silvery Moon

LOOKING skyward we find two of the town's best restaurants are up where the stars—as they say in the ads—can dine beneath the stars. One is the Embassy roof, the other the Roosevelt roof. This here Embassy roof used to be an exclusive club which catered only to picture players. But it has gone democratic and is now open to the public. Your aunt from Dubuque would be all a-flutter could she drop in there for lunch. She would have to give up a dollar-and-a-half of her tourist money for the cover charge, but she would be amply repaid in seeing Jean Harlow (platinum hair and all) parked under one of the gay umbrellas and ordering her favorite salad. In contrast to Jean there is Gloria Swanson who has acquired the Embassy habit. Auntie might not like platinum blondes—and Gloria's hair is as black as night. If she has a photographic mind she would remember that Gloria lunched there recently with her very newest escort, Michael

Ann Harding has one of the highest homes in Hollywood and every night, when weather permits, she cuddles up to sleep on the roof



The Hollywood Athletic Club roof is a favorite haunt of Buddy Rogers whenever he's unable to get to the beach. Between the two places he develops a tan that lingers the year round



Farmer—and was decked out in a tan wool suit and a white hat that made all the other girls turn to stare enviously. It was at another club that Gloria and Michael caused gasps of astonishment by appearing dressed exactly alike in white flannels and dark blue coats!

The Embassy roof has a flock of good customers. If you know your faces you could spot Evelyn Brent, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge, the Lowell Shermans (Helene Costello) and a host of others equally as famous. Lilyan Tashman, who knows what to wear and how to wear it for every occasion, has the crowd coming to the Embassy—just to see what creation she is affecting for the day. Leave it

to Lil—a smart show-woman!

When it showers (loyal Californians call them high fogs) the guests simply dance through the French glass doors inside without losing a step.

As for the Roosevelt roof, visitors are disconcerted to find, on taking the "up" elevators, that you go down to this roof, which is on top of the third story addition. Centrally located on Hollywood Boulevard, it catches everyone in town who feels like dining up and out. The roof is decorated

(Continued on Page 66)



# TAKING IN

## LARRY REID'S SLANT



### MONKEY BUSINESS

The Four Marx Brothers are at it again—making you laugh in spite of yourself. You have heard talkative Groucho wisecrack and pun before, you have seen silent Harpo snatch everything in sight, shake hands with an agile foot, and digest some luscious hardware, and you have seen Chico imitate a bewildered Italian, while Zeppo plays a romantic juvenile—but, somehow, their brand of nonsense still is funny. This time, they're on and off a steamship—mostly on—chasing blondes and racketeers and being chased in turn. It's Groucho's picture—for his gags (for the most part) are new, while the other three mad, mad Marxes are merely repeating amusing past performances. There's a bit of music, for good measure.



### THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

At last, here's a football picture that is a football picture. And if there had been more of Notre Dame—and less of Hollywood—it would have been better yet. You never forget that Lew Ayres, who stars, is a product of the studios, not of Rockne—especially when he is stripped in the gymnasium alongside the real Notre Dame huskies. You can blame this on the artificial story, which reveals Lew as a grandstand player who turns slacker, but redeems himself at the last moment. The high spots of the picture are the shots of Frank Carideo, the Four Horsemen and other real-life Notre Dame heroes, scenes from real games, and the startling resemblance of J. Farrell MacDonald to the late Knute Rockne.



### SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE

They come together—the Great Siren of the screen, and the Great Lover—and the result is a personal triumph for Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. They alone make "Susan Lenox" a picture you don't want to miss. The story is by no means novel, the dialogue has a tendency to be heavy, and the action is slow. Again, Greta gets an unfortunate start in life, becomes a "lost lady," and then falls hopelessly in love with a young architect (Gable). Their romance looks like the tragic kind until the end—which is unexpected. Greta looks the best that she has since "Anna Christie," and Gable makes the most of his Big Opportunity.



### NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

This bright, breezy opus is going to bring back to William Haines all those fans he has lost by a succession of slight, silly comedies. It's a knockout, to speak in plain American. Haines doesn't fit author George Randolph Chester's conception of his likable crook (who was plumpish), nor is Ernest Torrence molded along the lines of *Blackie Daw*—but the two of them are hilariously real. Haines has never been better, and Torrence likewise is excellent, but you're likely to go home chuckling about the antics of Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante—a Broadway comic who is insanely funny.



# THE TALKIES

## ON THE LATEST FILMS

This is the last picture Bebe Daniels made before she temporarily retired from the screen to welcome Barbara Bebe Lyon into the world—and it's going to remind some of the folks that Bebe used to be a comédienne, back in silent days. But never along such lines as these. She's an adventuress, a woman of the world, and a woman who knows her wiles. She teams up with two engaging rascals (Warren William and Alan Mowbray) to separate a wealthy old chap from his money—and plenty happens while the trio are playing their tricks, including a duel, a kidnaping, and a murder. It's a lively, amusing picture—not only because of Bebe, but because the producers have cleverly modernized an old story.

### THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY



This little drama shows you where to get a speedy divorce and where to toss away your wedding ring afterward, and it also shows you a Lilyan Tashman who is startling as a platinum blonde. It isn't likely to slow up traffic much on the highway to Reno. It's interesting, considering it's a problem drama, but it never gets under your skin. The fair Lilyan is slightly bored by the fact that she is in Reno to acquire her third divorce, until she meets William Boyd, who is only too familiar with her type—and until her pretty daughter (Peggy Shannon) meets Charles "Buddy" Rogers. In the mouth of Buddy are put most of the picture's arguments against divorce—and Buddy doesn't seem to enjoy it. Lilyan, as usual, stands out.

### THE ROAD TO RENO



"Palmy Days" boasts Eddie (Eyes) Cantor, Charlotte (Legs) Greenwood, music, hilarity, and more pretty girls than you have seen in a year. It's the first big musical comedy since "Whoopee"—and while it doesn't have the "class" of its predecessors, it's much better fun. Slyly, it banters Florenz ("Glorifying the American Girl") Ziegfeld—for besides kidding the palm-reading industry, its avowed purpose is "to glorify the American doughnut." Eddie is an efficiency expert in a cruller factory where the girls are employed. But the plot—such as there is—doesn't matter. The important thing is that Eddie is at his comic best—particularly in the chiropractic sequence with the eccentric Charlotte, the gags are funny, the music is tuneful, and the pretty girls can dance.

### PALMY DAYS



The more you see of newspaper pictures, the more you wonder if reporters really are as faithful to their managing editors as the dramatists would have you believe. Certainly the notion is a bit hard to swallow in "Sob Sister," in which a girl reporter on a scandal sheet is in love with a reporter on a rival paper, but insists on "scooping" him on his best stories. Happily, however, she is kidnaped by a gang of cut-throats and the tale turns into good old-fashioned melodrama, which gives you your money's worth of entertainment and excitement. James Dunn, living up to the promise he showed in "Bad Girl," is the reporter; Linda Watkins, an eye-filling and talented newcomer from the New York stage, is the girl who keeps him busy.

### SOB SISTER





# Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 10)

indignant spectators, and started up the aisle. One of the inebriates turned and wagged a reproving finger at Chester. "Talkie, talkie," he chided.

**VICKI BAUM** hasn't exactly endeared herself to the fashionable starry ladies in Hollywood.

Vicki, who wrote "Grand Hotel," and is editor of a European fashion journal, broke forth with the opinion that she didn't think screen actresses dressed smartly at all. It seems that they all tried to look alike, dress alike and act alike. Now that *was* a broad statement for Vicki to make. Even disregarding the fact that Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Lilyan Tashman set the styles for the feminine world, all screen stars do not look or act alike. Mary Brian doesn't act like Polly Moran, and Daphne Pollard doesn't look one bit like Charlotte Greenwood.

Tender feelings of Hollywood society have been salved somewhat. Madame Baum arrived at a fashionable dinner party with one of the strangest riggings seen in these parts in weeks. She not only didn't look a bit stylish, but every other woman there had that comfortable feeling of superiority over a shabby sister.

After her remarks people expected Vicki to look like Patou on dress parade every time she ventured out of her house.

**NOW** that the honeymoon trip is over, Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are settled in Lew's little house for the time being. Lew has a lease on the place until February, and Lola figures it would be a shame to move and lose the rent money. They'll have a bigger house of their own next spring.

I saw them both at a beach party the other day, and if Lola ever tries to write a novel of small-town life Sinclair Lewis might just as well start traveling. Lola is an ex-Main Street girl, and she knows what she's talking about. She played the piano in the local movie emporium and even sang during the tender sequences. During a touching scene of mother love she broke forth into a plaintive "M is for the million things she gave me."

The best anecdote of all concerns the time she returned to her home-town after achieving recognition in Hollywood. She was persuaded to give a benefit performance for something or other. Her younger sister was to play her accompaniment while she sang. Lola was dressed in her best Hollywood gown, a long, trailing affair. She swept onto the stage. Kid sister stepped on the train of the gown and Lola sat down, suddenly and very hard. It spoiled the entrance and the gown, but the benefit netted \$400.

Lola doesn't intend to give up her own movie career just because she has become Mrs. Lewis Ayres.

**PATHE** gives out the surprising information that Constance Bennett's next picture will be based on cryptography. My, my, that ought to drag the public to the box office. If you don't like La Bennett maybe you'll be nerts about cryptography. Or maybe I'm wrong. Cryptography means writing in secret letters, and it is the first time a screen story has been based on this fascinating subject. I've seen a lot of screen stories that seemed to be secret writing. At least I could never figure what it was all about.

Really, a Bennett story doesn't matter much. The public would go to see Connie in a film about hatching mountain trout. But weren't those other producers mad when Warner Brothers paid Connie thirty thousand dollars a week while making "Bought"—and liked it!



Kornman

You can tell that Ona Munson's in love with director Ernst Lubitsch, the way she lets him plant his feet on her Baby Grand. Some say they're married, while others say they're about to be

**WHETHER** you like the idea or not you're going to listen to a lot of warbling on the screen this coming year. Motion picture producers decided a year ago that musical pictures were dead. Now they've decided that resurrection day is here. I don't know how they figure those momentous things, but strike up the band it is going to be.

Pola Negri will accommodate with two ditties in her picture, "The Woman Commands." Gloria Swanson is playing an operatic star in "Tonight or Never." Irene Dunne vocalizes in "Marcheta," and "Palmy Days" and "Flying High" are just that musical. Lily Damita turns songstress in "The Woman Between," and Para-

mount has signed Jeanette MacDonald at a fancy price for two Chevalier pictures.

I'm offering this suggestion free. Wouldn't it be just dandy for Garbo to sing "When Yuba Plays His Tuba" in "Mati Hari"?

**OF** course, it's all very well to be informal, but some folks allow as how Jack Oakie makes it too much of a good thing. The other night at the Cocanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel Jack arrived wearing flannel trousers, blue shirt, white tie, and of all things, a tuxedo coat. I couldn't see the shoes. Probably riding boots.

**MAYBE** you don't know much about Jimmy Durante now, but you will want to know of him when you see "New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." He is one of the few sensational comedians to arrive in Hollywood in several years—completely, insanely, hilariously funny.

He's the guy that thought up the song "I Ups to Him

(Continued on page 71)



*Dusting Powder.* Particularly gifty in plaid metal box of blue and coral. Contains lovely puff. \$1.

*Sachet.* . . in a charming jar is a perfect selection for the "something new and different." 75c

*Toilet Water* is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates — and how much more, when the scent is Seventeen! \$1.25.

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Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases.) Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brilliantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The Stunning box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . . \$10.00



# Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page

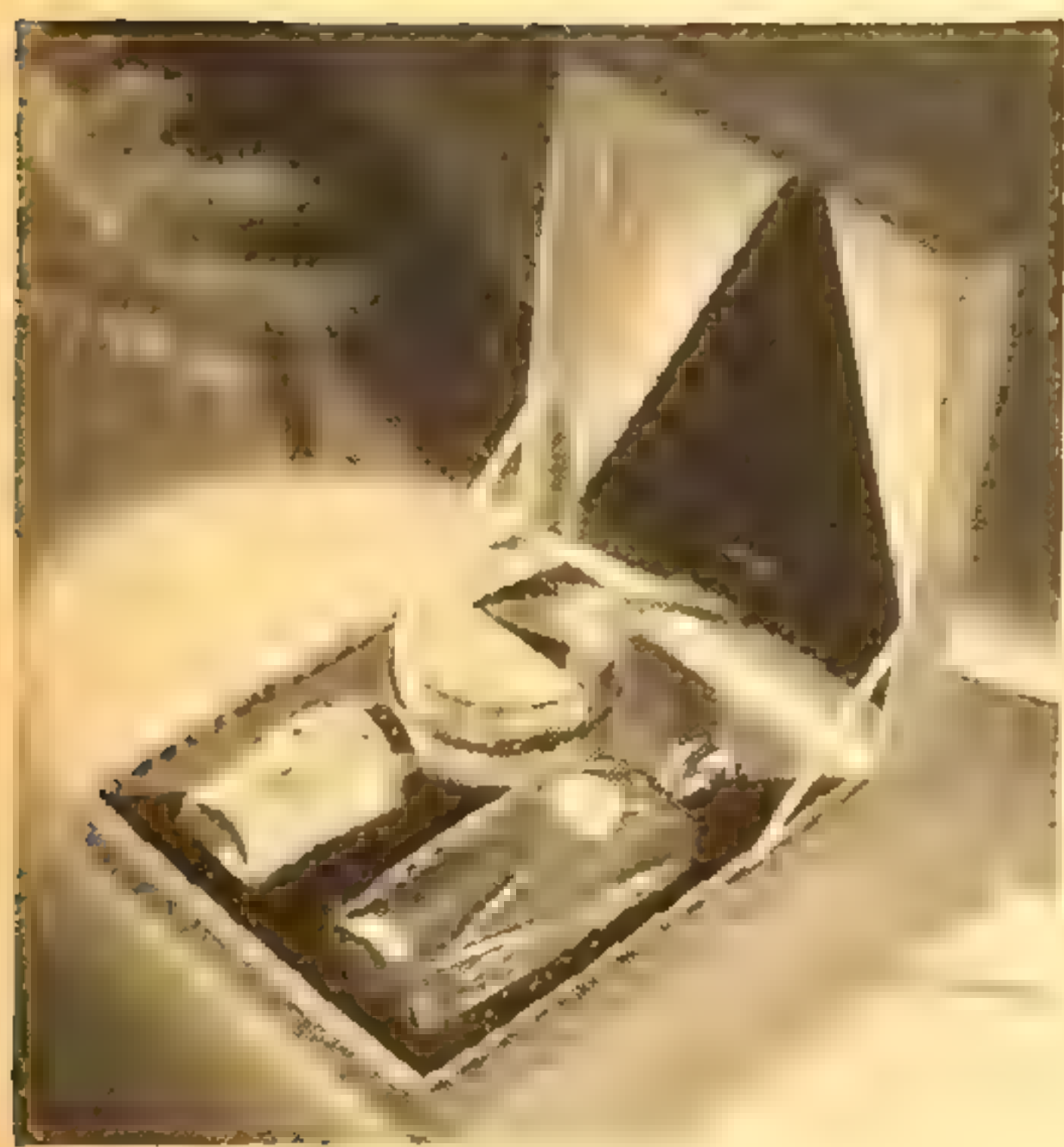
Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little.

**T**HIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries!

Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off 80% of your entire list, right here on this page!

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How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this.



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A Bath Set de Luxe three big, luxurious cakes of Seventeen Soap, and jar of Dusting Powder . . . \$2



Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling especially for \$2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume. . . . \$5

## Seventeen



# The Rooftops of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

with pale green and orange awnings. The atmosphere is further augmented with a fountain in the middle of the Nile green dance floor. This same dance floor is a playground for guests on the upper floors. And do they love to play? The Coney Island carnival spirit prevails among the movie players who lean pajama-ed elbows on the window sills, above, and toss peanut shells and pennies to their friends below. If they miss their targets and hit the visitors—well, the visitors feel themselves honored. It's equal to collecting autographs. These movie players are just chock-full of animal spirits!

The Roosevelt roof is a favorite haunt of John Boles. And Sally Eilers and Laura La Plante are two of its best customers. It was on this roof that Queena Mario, the opera star, gave a dinner before her concert at the Hollywood Bowl. The roof has the same cover charge as the Embassy—and for the price of it you can feast your eyes on the town's most beautiful actresses. It appeals to the younger set—such as Marion Nixon, Helen Twelvetrees and the Wampas Baby stars. And all the big five-thousand-a-week stars gather on the roof's festival nights—just so they can take home the souvenir trinkets and paper dolls. By the way, the frogs' legs and broiled pheasant are grand (no advt.).

When the Notre Dame football players were here making a picture for Universal, they were given a luncheon on this rooftop, probably with the idea of showing them that Hollywood is as cosmopolitan as the other places they've visited.

The Hollywood Athletic Club has a more masculine flavor about it. Here is where the town sheiks take an elevator to get that brown sepia served by the sun. These Hollywood tans aren't acquired entirely at the beaches—not by a long shot. Take Johnny Mack Brown and Richard Arlen for example. You couldn't help but admire their tans in their latest pictures. And you probably made up your mind when you saw their mahogany shades that you'd hop to the beach or the old swimming hole, over the week-end, and acquire a similar color. Well, the fact remains that they got their tans at the Athletic roof—which is also responsible for the continuance of the Buddy Rogers and George O'Brien tans. Most of the actors have beach homes, particularly Buddy and George—but a tan disappears if you don't keep it in the sun. The roof being convenient, these

two stars can usually be found there, between shots at the studio.

Hollywood has its penthouses, too—indicating that it's keeping pace with New York—and most of them are leased to movie stars. There's a penthouse at the Roosevelt originally built by Joe Schenck—and once occupied by Norma Talmadge. Its erstwhile upkeep was fairly reasonable, but it now rents for four hundred dollars a month—and is now rented to someone not in the picture business. Incidentally, seven hundred and fifty dollars per month is the usual asking price of a Hollywood penthouse.

There's another penthouse, one of the

and niches of moss make the garden look genuine—and the view which overlooks the city is enough to take the breath away.

Mervyn Leroy, the director, lives in a roof apartment at the Colonial house, and there's another at the Chateau Elysee which is sometimes rented by picture players.

Speaking of penthouses brings to mind the story—and stop us if you've heard it. It seems that when rooftops were known in Hollywood merely as coverings to keep the rain out, some fellow from New York mentioned penthouses. At the mention of the word the host flushed scarlet, and his features horror-stricken, he whispered—"Penthouses! Don't you know enough not to mention things like that before ladies?"

Fashion parades, squash courts and dinner tables are cluttering up the Hollywood skyline. Ann Harding even has a bed atop of her house in the hills—and sleeps there when weather permits. If she's out there in the daytime she can keep an eye on her husband, Harry Bannister, who, when he soars too close to the house in his plane, can be warned away from the chimney.

Jackie Cooper has gone rooftop, too. He has a workshop on the roof of his garage—and just to prove that the older stars haven't a monopoly of the air he builds toy planes in the shop and shoots them off.

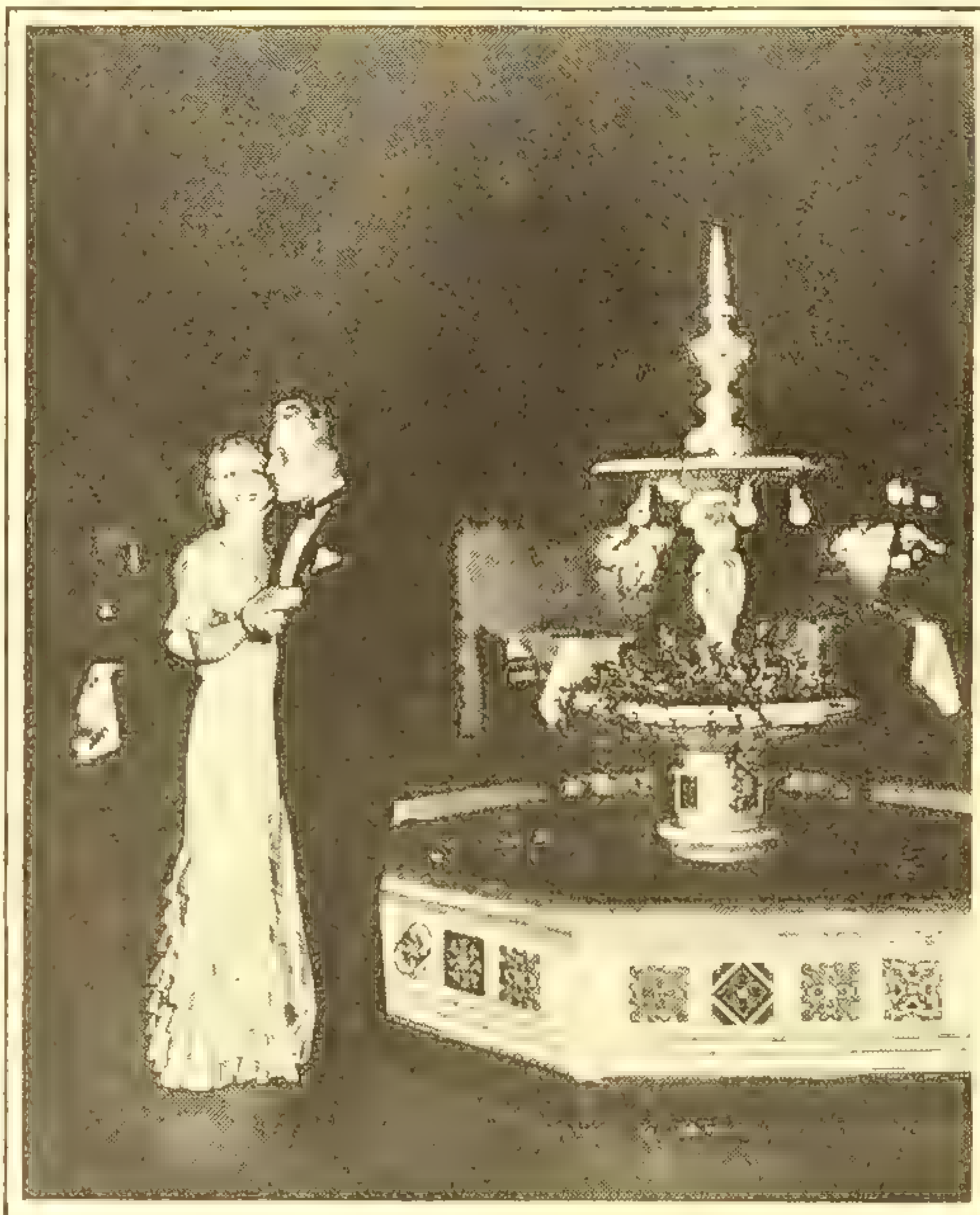
Neil Hamilton has also gone in for the rooftop fad. Rumor has it that he is building a gymnasium on the roof of his Hollywood home. Some rooftops are rigged out with tennis courts. Only expert racqueteers, one imagines, would have the courage to play on a rooftop unless it happened to be well screened. But we hear that John Gilbert and Robert Montgomery are as sure of their drives as Big Bill Tilden.

One star who has gone rooftop in a big way is Lew Ayres, who was not content with a simple, garden-variety of roof, but built a tower on top of it. He has to climb a lot of stairs to peer through his telescope—astronomy being this young man's hobby.

His telescope has an eleven-inch lens (which takes it out of the toy class)—and some of the best astronomers in the country advised him to build it. Lew can see way beyond the Big Dipper, and tell you about stars you never thought existed. If the depression hits him he can lug his telescope to the sidewalk and charge ten cents a head for a close-up of Venus or Mars.

Somehow lunching or dining in the open air with the stars brings out their best wisecracks. Eddie Cantor lunched at a rooftop restaurant just before he returned East. And he can crack wise with the best of them, including Wilson Mizner and Groucho Marx. He leaned back against his chair, his eyes popping in the best Cantorian fashion, when his boss, Sam Goldwyn, admitted that he (Eddie) had made him a lot of money and he loved him (when a Hollywood producer admits that an actor has made him money and that he loves him it is an occasion). Cantor replied with a typical nifty. He had just received a telegram from Flo Ziegfeld, for whom he had also made a lot of money—and who loved him, too. "Can a gigolo have two lovers?" Eddie demanded of Sam.

And so the rooftops of Hollywood are having their innings—and it's every player to his favorite roof. The town is dining and dancing and sun-tanning with the stars under the stars. All aboard, roof cars now running! Watch the stars eat and dance—watch them make love! Step lively!!



"Let's dance close by the fountain," whispers Gene Raymond into Judith Wood's ear as they are caught in a close-up on the roof of the Roosevelt. Together with other members of the younger set they enjoy the open spaces of the hotel

beauty skyspots of Hollywood, atop the new modernistic apartment on Sunset Boulevard—and we hear that Greta Garbo has been looking at it, probably with the idea of getting away from snooping camera fiends who may lurk in the shadows of her present home, waiting to snap her. The Garbo evidently believes that a penthouse would escape anyone's prying eyes except an aviator's. And if he soared too closely he might make an unhappy landing.

James Oviatt, the owner of Los Angeles' most famous haberdashery, who caters to all the well-dressed actors, has a roof bungalow atop his store in town—and gives parties (and what parties!) for all the stars he knows. And he knows most of them by their first names. This modernistic setting is one of the best-known penthouses in the world, with finishings and furnishings from Europe, terraces of flagstones—and featuring a real barbeque pit—out in the open. Ferns



Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers have been carrying on a romance, but it hasn't reached the serious stage as yet. Mary and Buddy are partial to the Embassy Roof when they want to look into each other's eyes and say sweet nothings





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important to her career, but I couldn't suggest any better means of protecting and preserving her skin. The Woodbury trade mark is utterly reliable."

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Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base) — the same creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists—can be had at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

#### TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube... DURING DAY: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube... FOR LINES AND WRINKLES: Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.



# The Most Baffling Brunette—

## Who Is She?

(Continued from page 19)

And wears them forever. Or so it seems.

But she buys them good. And very plain. Which is beyond Hollywood's comprehension. She never glistens or glitters. But the very plainness of her smartly-cut clothes remains fixed in the memory long after the glitterers are forgotten.

She loathes platinum. And wears only gold—either green or yellow. And very little of that.

She uses one scent. She mixes *Oeuvre de Delhi* (Babaeu's) with Chanel's Number 5. She claims the former is too musky, the latter too sweet. But put them together and she has a scent that makes strong men tremble. They would leave home that instant, if it weren't for Junior.

She loses weight more readily than most people gain. She eats chocolate ice cream by the quarts. And runs madly to the scales to count her gain. She has lost pounds.

### Just What Color Are Her Eyes?

HER eyes are gray. Her eyes are green. Her eyes are brown. Her eyes are hazel. It depends on the person who looks at them. But no one ever takes a good look and remains the same.

Her eyelashes go places and do things. They travel for inches and curl enchantingly.

Her voice is deep and throaty and husky. Her hands are brown and slender. She is tall and slim. With the smallest foot on the lot.

She's alluring, sirenish. Without ever dreaming she is. And she's devoted to her husband. And her dog, Snifter.

And she has a mania for wearing men's trousers. At the drop of the hat, she'll put on men's pants. She wears blue linen ones to drive about in. In the summer she wears white flannel ones on her husband's yacht. And blue ones in the winter.

Her husband comprises the entire yacht crew. He steers and runs aft. She, the passenger, reads and runs after. And cooks.

She never puts on airs. Or entertains royalty. Or has her love life written up. But she has been places. And has plenty of charm and talent behind her. And knows several things.

She always prided herself on her culinary ability. Then came her honeymoon. And she was particularly anxious to display her talent. The first night out on their yacht, she was in the midst of an elaborate meal when the gas gave out. It was a January night. Cold and dark. And here they were without a single *filet mignon*. Or a bit of mushroom sauce to pour over it. Huge tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I can't think God would let this happen to me on my wedding night," she cried. And then a friend's yacht suddenly hove in sight. "I knew it," she called excitedly, "here comes God!" So they dined on the friend's boat.

### How She Baffles Reporters

SHE'S a puzzler to interviewers. A certain writer, with an appointment, walked serenely onto her set a few months ago only to have our heroine let out one scream at the very sight of her. Which sent the writer home in hysterics.

Another writer, without an appointment, recently walked onto her set to glean a few words from Ida, the maid, and although this actress had worked hard until after midnight, she graciously insisted on seeing the writer herself, and gave plentifully of her time and candy "nigger babies."

But she's likely to send the next writer

running like a turkey over Cahuenga Pass.

She's even-tempered, as a rule. But when she does let go, it's with a sudden bang. And it's over in a minute. She expects everyone else to be over it, too. She can't tolerate sulking.

Her household consists of a French cook, a Norwegian gardener, an Irish butler, a German laundress, a colored maid, a Scotch dog, a Persian cat and an English husband. A complete League of Nations. And they get along beautifully. The dog (Scotch) even eats with the cat (Persian).

She saves money. And keeps a guiding hand on her household. She knows what everything costs and what they are going to have for every meal.

She has a passion for books. On the set, at luncheon, at home, a book is never out of her hands. She reads until the Hollywood book shops beg for mercy. They can't keep up with her.

### Proving She Isn't Cold

SHE never gushes or bubbles. And has been accused of being cold.

But one day, she alighted from Rabbit before the studio door, with Snifter sniffing



She looks even more baffling without a mask—but Kay Francis can't help that. And you can't help knowing her, after reading this story

hysterically behind a nearby bush. She walked up the steps when Snifter suddenly decided to give one exploring sniff to a bush across the street.

Suddenly it happened. There was a screech of brakes, an agonized howl. Little Snifter lay quietly in the street. By this time everyone had rushed to the windows. They saw her fall to her knees. Tenderly and quietly, she gathered him up in her arms. Someone took the wheel of her car. She stepped in beside him, still holding Snifter in her arms. Tears rolled down upon the stricken little Snifter. They rushed him to the dog-and-cat hospital. But she couldn't stay. The actors and director were waiting. So all day long she worked hard without a word of complaint. And at the end of the day rushed to the hospital with her make-up on. To be greeted by a cocky little Snifter, completely recovered.

Her house is literally polluted with canary birds that sing wildly all the time. She

owns three cats, one rabbit (besides the car), hundreds of goldfish and a bevy of bullfrogs. It's a wild menagerie.

Which doesn't ruffle her nerves a bit. But the least noise outside her home drives her mad. She never attends a gangster picture. The shooting leaves her prostrate.

### She Gets What She Wants

SHE knows exactly what she wants. And goes after it. She began at a tender age. For instance, she owned a lovely pair of lace-trimmed panties when a little girl. They were the pride of her life. So one morning she decided she would wear the lace-trimmed panties. And promptly set up a howl when her mother ignored her wishes and put on the plain muslin ones, without a speck of lace. So she proceeded to hang by a nail on the back fence until nine pairs of plain muslin panties were completely ripped off.

In order to cover an embarrassing situation, she finally emerged, triumphant but soundly smacked, in her beloved lace-trimmed panties.

She still gets what she wants. But seldom, if ever, is compelled to hang by a nail in the back fence to get it.

She acts promptly on every impulse. She decided, at one o'clock Friday morning to take herself to Honolulu. At noon, that day, she sailed. In white trousers.

If an appointment for a still picture or rehearsal is set for two o'clock, at two o'clock she's there. And waits exactly forty-five minutes for the others to appear. Never a minute more or a minute less. Then she puts on her hat and goes home. And try to get her back again!

She works hard when she works. And loathes to work overtime. She'll growl about it to every passing electrician, actor and prop-boy. And work like a Trojan while she's doing it.

Kay Francis (Shucks, I would give it away!) is a good sport. Ronald Colman will tell you that. A little incident happened while they were making "Raffles."

She was dressed in an elaborate, low-cut evening gown. With four (count 'em) long trains. Kay was to walk sedately and in a dignified manner (and can she do it?) up to the waiting Ronnie.

Producers, executives, officials all stood about. There was a breathless hush. Suddenly they noticed a worried little pucker about her eyes. Her smile grew set and fixed. The pucker deepened.

One train had wrapped itself completely about her ankle. Then another. Two more steps and suddenly there was a resounding smack before the astonished Mr. Colman. Kay had landed squarely on her nose, velvet evening gown, dignity and all.

The train had thrown her. The director groaned. The executives gasped huge gasps. And Kay sat and howled with glee.

"Every one falls for Ronald Colman," she said.

She seldom attends parties. Or openings. She stays at home and likes queer things like books and hysterical canary birds.

And all the time there is an air of suppressed excitement about her. As if something gay or slightly risqué or very passionate were about to happen. It never does. She's a siren with a housewife complex.

And pardon me for not mentioning it before, but the yacht-cruising, aft-running husband is Kenneth MacKenna, who's now a director as well as an actor.

Kay thinks he's grand. He probably is.



## Anonymously Yours

(Continued from page 12)

When she wasn't looking he went to two other men in the party and borrowed twenty dollars from both of them. Back to the tables he hurried. His wife found out about the loan, as wives will, and hurried, furiously, to stop him. In the meantime he'd won something like \$400. She took it away, paid the other chaps their twenty dollars, and pocketed the rest. That was that.

\*\*\*

EVERYBODY likes the long lanky comedian who made a smashhit in a recent war picture. Everybody, that is, except the boys at the studio, where he tells them, at length, that he is the best and highest-salaried comedian in the profession. His conceit is all the more unpleasant since the character he plays on the screen is modest and homespun, and there are rumors that he is going to be let out.

\*\*\*

THEN there is the young man about town who went to a party and told a pretty ingénue that she was a nymphomaniac. Next day he remembered having done something pretty awful and called her up to apologize. She accepted the apology rather blankly and he knew it was all right—she hadn't known what the word meant.

\*\*\*

HOLLYWOOD'S most popular guest is the foreign star who arrived here some time ago to make pictures but hasn't—for some reason—made any as yet. She has all the old ideas of stardom—effective entrances, hints of millionaire lovers, and hordes of escorts. Of course, that is not new or particularly thrilling to Hollywood.

She wears, however, a peculiarly sticky brand of lipstick. In addition she likes attention and will walk to the end of the garden with various attractive men during the evening. Hollywood can always be sure of the identity of her latest flame—he comes back trying to wipe off the lipstick.

\*\*\*

FOR some reason, newspaper writers and columnists have been writing lately about the tremendous salaries earned by picture people. There's always a good story, in times like these, in a little girl who rates a pay check every week of \$30,000. Men and women outside of Hollywood, who think themselves lucky if they still have their jobs, quite naturally resent such tales and sometimes their resentment keeps them from attending the theaters where the little girl's pictures are showing.

It's unfair. The figure \$30,000 a week would be a million and a half a year—if it weren't for the fact that the little girl only works for a certain number of weeks. The rest of the time the salary stops. In any other profession or business than films a person who earns as much money for her company as the little girl does would make just as much, and probably be much more sure of a regular pay check.

\*\*\*

THE depression has hit Hollywood just as hard—if not harder than the rest of the country. You don't hear of many stars building new homes nowadays—they know they're lucky if they can keep up payments on their old ones. And the lavish and fantastic parties of the old days are—unfortunately—a thing of the past. Nobody has gone to a dinner this year and found a \$100 check under his plate, and that used to happen in Hollywood sometimes, when a host felt particularly like splurging.



## Others *can't* be "just like Kotex"

—substitutes don't offer this  
safety and security

IT is not enough for a sanitary pad to look like Kotex. To be safe, sanitary protection must be as hygienically made as Kotex. Immaculate. Clean. The kind of product a hospital approves.

So, when tempted to try a substitute, don't be satisfied with the careless statement, "just like Kotex." Ask how this substitute was made. Where. By whom.

### Health is involved

Demand a complete answer to these questions. You have a right to know—your health is involved. Be very sure before you sacrifice the absolute safety of Kotex.

And when buying sanitary napkins already wrapped, inquire of the clerk: "Is this Kotex?" Thus you'll make sure of getting nothing but the genuine Kotex.

Kotex is bought by hospitals in enormous quantities—for it fully meets their requirements. Kotex, indeed, is made with hospital care. In surroundings of immaculate cleanliness. Modern methods are used throughout, so hands never touch Kotex in the making. As soon as made, Kotex is sealed in dustproof packages.

Every precaution is taken for your

comfort as well as health. Kotex is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. And it is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb away from the surface, which remains soft and delicate.

Kotex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Or, singly, in cabinets by West Disinfecting Company.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

### The new Kotex Belt.

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

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Sanitary Napkins





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has over two thousand centers, always open, with a welcome for the poor and distressed. In normal times these outposts of social welfare minister to the limit of their capacity. During the past year the work of helping and healing has increased almost beyond calculation. Men and women who never before knew poverty have been added to the ranks of the hungry. Ashamed, bewildered, they have sought the aid and advice of The Salvation Army. Thousands of homes have been saved from ruin. The unemployed have been fed and clothed, turning a menace to society into an asset.

### *An Even Larger Program is Demanded This Winter*

The contribution of The Salvation Army to the solution of the unemployment problem in national emergency relief, Christmas baskets, family welfare and a dozen other forms of assistance, will cost over \$4,000,000.

### *We Rely on Our Friends to Give Us That Amount*

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or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district.

# Frances Dee Hit The Heights In A Hurry

(Continued from page 26)

to change it, she fought for it like a lioness protecting her cubs.

She has a truly dramatic face, even without make-up, and a thin line of white shows beneath the irises of her eyes, denoting passion (so the character-readers say). She suggests romance and tragedy and the tragedy of romance. She has probably the most enormous bright blue eyes in the world. These are made even larger at times by her trick of widening the lids when she is excited or puzzled or pleased. She always crosses her legs when she sits down.

She likes Garbo, roses, Dietrich, orchids, diamonds and colorful personalities. She hates geraniums and dull people. She dotes on tailored clothes, blacks and blues, for daytime wear. Then straight into evening gowns. No afternoon frocks for Frances! In this, her tastes are identical with those of another smart, good-humored girl, Madge Evans.

She doesn't like to eat, and she eats only enough to keep alive. Occasionally, however, she will go on a "food bat," and then she makes up for lost time. There are young men who will be shocked to learn that Frances really doesn't care for food. But they have just been unlucky—happening to take her out when she was hungry. Usually, her appetite fits that lovely old phrase, "bird-like." She answers the telephone herself and she doesn't ask, "Who's calling, please?"

She has no marked preferences in men—doesn't select her friends according to their jobs or professions. Her one requirement is that a person be interesting. Otherwise—pfft! She has one of those petal-texture skins, and the lower lip of her bright mouth protrudes slightly, indicating determination. A success mouth. And very nice to look at.

### Love's Important to Her

OF love and such things, she says: "One cannot be happy without love. Life simply has no purpose without it—none. I want to marry, but I don't think that marriage alone can mean happiness. I can't imagine absorbing myself in it completely. I'd have to have something else to do, too. It isn't enough by itself—it can't keep one sufficiently occupied. I think it best when combined with a career."

She is "sort of" in love just now. She can't quite make up her mind. She has never been engaged or married, but will be. She is honest in a fashion almost unknown among the females of the films—frank and outspoken. She has a curious habit of playing with the tips of her fingers. She says that despite her appearance of poise, she actually is as jumpy as a witch and as flighty as a March hare.

She lives with her family in a charming substantial home in the 100 block on Gower Street in Los Angeles. Important members of the household are her sister's children, two blonde beautiful babies to whom Frances claims she "loves to come home." But only when they're not crying. She wants some children of her own—someday.

She swims and rides and plays tennis. She doesn't care about dancing particularly. She has a mild interest in shows, if they are dramas. Most of all, she likes to drive up to mountain tops by herself, to sit and think and "invite her soul." She likes to be alone, and adores views from peaks and the idea of becoming a great actress. Above the fireplace of her living-room is a painting of an actress doing a heavy emotional scene among a lot of very dramatic shadows. Frances looks at this from time to time—with much appreciation.

When she is working, she goes to bed early. But when she is between pictures, she doesn't worry about lines in her face. Perhaps because she doesn't have to—yet. Paramount is sending her around a great deal, making personal appearances. Her house is usually cluttered with bouquets presented at these affairs. "It's sort of like a funeral parlor, with all that ribbon on them," she admits. "But I don't mind so long as the flowers are roses." She has an anonymous admirer who sends her vases and ash-trays.

She isn't saving any money. She's extravagant and knows it and doesn't care. "I suppose I'm being typical of Hollywood," she confesses carelessly. "But why worry? Why worry about money, least of all?"

She likes German phonograph records and has one doleful affair that she plays all the time. She likes tango orchestras, real ones, not the synthetic brand. She uses two lumps and lemon in her tea. She doesn't drink alcohol, and that cigarette in "An American Tragedy," despite the practised manner in which she handled it, was the first she had touched in months. Her hair, which is naturally curly, is a great deal lighter in life than it screens. It is brown.

"Time" is the only magazine she reads. Her library contains books by Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Remarque and others of the moderns, interspersed by sets of Dickens, Macaulay and Tennyson. Her backyard is a grass plot strewn with flower beds and garden swings. Her mother is just such a handsome woman as Frances undoubtedly will grow up to be. They share a maid.

### What She Thinks of Spoil-Sports

CRITICS of the younger generation annoy her. "For the most part, their criticisms are based on a lack of opportunity to enjoy the very things for which they are reprimanding the youngsters," opines Frances. "People who are busy living have small time for fault-finding. It's only those on the shelf who become carping and petty and devoid of any sympathy or understanding for the whys and wherefores of the new age." (Tell that to your Aunt Arabella!)

She likes dinner parties, and prefers the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel to all other night-clubs "because it's the most colorful." She will buy a new dress for a dinner party, but Heaven help the hostess who puts her next to a dull man! She goes for soft drinks exclusively. She is amazingly healthy (as a motion picture actress these days had better be), and long hours on the set do not fray her disposition. She will voice her opinions of people whom she doesn't like—and they are not few—with directness, wit and utter conviction. She used to spend her summers in Kentucky and likes Southerners.

She also likes the people of Chicago, but oh! not the climate. She has never been abroad. She has a passion for jade, and she wants awfully to travel in the Far East—in strange, exotic and colorful places not overrun by tourists. She reads biography almost exclusively now, thinking it more satisfactory than fiction because it tells of real people doing real, live things.

She drives her own car, and she drives it fast. She loves beaches and sailboats and will lie for long hours face downward in the sand, watching the boats and thinking. She thinks a great deal, and with the sincere conclusions of the well-educated, well-balanced girl. She may philosophize, but her feet are grounded on personally-observed facts. She knows where she is going—and here is one bet that she gets there!



# Clark Gable's Fight for Fame

(Continued from page 21)

Garbo was trained, and Dietrich and Emil Jannings and Pola Negri. That's how I trained Clark. Watch the way he moves now on the screen. He has poise, sureness, grace. He's not only a good-looking actor—he's a good actor. And he learned it, working with me in our bungalow till the daylight came through the windows.

"PERHAPS some movie success comes easily. I can tell you that Clark Gable earned his by hard work. When he couldn't study any longer, he would go out and tinker with his car for a rest, or drop in at a garage and talk with the men. All the gas station boys and mechanics know him and like him. He never was one for a social life, never liked to dance especially. And he tires easily, as those big men do."

There is anxiety in her kind brown eyes. "I've read everything written about him, I go to see all his pictures. He can be so great if they handle him right! I'm sorry I can't talk to him, advise him like a friend right now when he needs it more than ever. Since he has been on the screen, writers have come around—asking questions. They seem to think I must feel bitter. It's strange how people hope to find out something bad about a man who makes a big success! But, as a matter of fact, Clark has lived a remarkably clean life.

"This talk about 'gratitude' makes me sick. I did what I could for Clark Gable because I wanted to do it more than anything else in the world. To-day my chief feeling is pride. Though he is now married again, I'm still Mrs. Gable and I shall keep the name always. You see—I'm terribly in love with him—"

## Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 64)

and He Ups to Me." He thought it up while he was in the hospital. Another one of his comedy songs had a weird beginning. He wrote "Wood" when he became inspired by a lumbermen's catalogue which explained all the uses of wood. When he finally introduced it on the stage the climax came with one of those Chic Sale structures being carted out in front of the footlights. The lumbermen didn't think of that, but Jimmy did.

Born on New York's lower East Side, his parents wanted him to be a policeman. Two of his brothers were on the force, but Jimmy didn't grow tall enough. He learned to play the piano instead. His first job was at a third-rate fight club where he entertained the cash customers between rounds. One night a fighter, for one of the preliminaries, didn't show up. Jimmy was shoved into the ring. He lasted about one minute.

M-G-M, where he is under contract, are as excited over Durante as they are with Clark (Pash) Gable. And believe me, that's getting pretty excited.

**Here and There:** Robert Montgomery has been dashing around town in a \$35,000 Miller Special racing car. You can shift from second to third at one hundred miles an hour—that is if you're a brave man. Bob doesn't own it. He just borrows it for the thrill. Anita Stewart dancing the tango with her husband at the Cocoanut Grove. Anita is just as lovely as ever, and looks younger than a lot of Baby Stars. Gilbert Roland has gone stage actor, appearing with Jane Cowl in a revival of "Camille." On the opening night he took more curtain calls than Bernhardt on a farewell tour.



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**Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!**



# Paul Lukas Is a Love Expert—That's Why Women Love Him

(Continued from page 59)

## You probably DON'T KNOW that GRAY HAIR IS A DISEASE!

In the *medical* world it is known as "Canities." In *your* world there are misguided souls who think it's "distinguished." It isn't—it's the danger signal that says, "You are now approaching Heartbreak Age!" Turn back the calendar! NOTOX, the scientifically correct tinting method re-colors your hair in a decidedly new scientific way. It does not crust your hair with a *surface* plate of dye, as do old-fashioned "clear white restorers." It *penetrates* the hair and colors it inside the hair shaft! No "dyed" artificial look. Your hair remains *undetectably* natural and as fine, lustrous and supple as ever. Washing, waving, sunning NOTOXED hair does not affect it in the slightest. Finest hairdressers and beauty parlors use it exclusively. *Resent a substitute*—a like product does not exist! Buy it for home use at smart shops everywhere.

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advertising for a few months and found that slogans and the smell of ink gave him another kind of shell-shock. He was pleasant, but firm. His father told him he could depart if it pleased him, but he could depart without funds. Paul departed, penniless. He knew what it meant. There would be no more rosy apartments, no more expensive ladies. But there would be the Theater—his other and, perhaps, greater Love.

Paul joined the Actors' Academy of Budapest. He got a job tutoring two small boys, for which he was given a substantial midday meal and no more. He went for days without breakfasts or dinner and for days without a clean shirt, which was worse. Paul is fanatically fastidious about his appearance, as are all Casanovas.

He bore these hardships philosophically while they lasted. But they bred in him a violent hatred of being poor. In all of its aspects. He sees nothing romantic about poverty. Money is vitally important to him. He isn't wealthy now. His salary is still below the thousand-dollars-a-week mark. Which is somehow surprising, considering the name he has made for himself on the screen.

Paul made his stage debut in the Comedy Theater, Budapest, in the title rôle of "Liliom." During the years he appeared at the Comedy he also appeared in plays by Lajos Biro and Ernst Vajda, both of whom have since come to Hollywood and to Paramount. Paul also played every character ever conceived by Shakespeare, Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Moliere and Galsworthy.

He made his first screen appearance in Berlin, in the Ufa production of "Samson and Delilah." (He played Samson.)

A few months later Paul was cast in "Antonia." Adolph Zukor was in the audience. If you put two and three together you will know that the next day Paul signed a contract that brought him to America to play with Pola Negri in "Loves of an Actress."

During the time that Paul was at the Comedy he married for the first time. This is that other thing Paul will not talk about. One gathers a pitiful, tender tale of young love and garrets, with too little to eat, and the Wolf breaking down the door and gnawing at young Romance. But one doesn't *know*...

### Thoroughly Domesticated

PAUL met his second wife while he was playing in her home-town. It was just before he made "Antonia" and attracted the attention of M. Zukor. He appeared upon the stage that certain night. SHE was sitting in the stage box. He looked at her just once and *knew* that he loved her. Without wasting any time, he gave instant and successful pursuit—and they were married. Mrs. Paul is blonde and *chic* and colorful. She dresses in red and black by preference, and is distinctly an Hungarian type. She doesn't look the housewife as

her husband would have her, but resembles the decorative type who lends background to elite social functions. Paul would have you believe that he is the boss in his own home. There can be only one and he is that one. He says, "My house in Hollywood is a little piece of Hungarian territory. My wife is an Hungarian wife. Other women may work—but *not my woman*. She is married to me. That is her occupation and her career."

If Paul had his life to live over again he would do two things differently. He would come to America five years earlier than he did—and he would not have pursued woman so soon or so often. He says that he is tired, not physically, but mentally. What interested him and intrigued him once, interests and intrigues him no longer.

Which, of course, makes him a good husband. He admits it. He says, "*I do not cheat.*" He adds that if his wife did, or even appeared to, it would be "bang over the head—and out she goes!"

Paul is six feet, one and one-half inches tall. He wears a toupee for pictures, but looks even more dangerous without it. He weighs 186 pounds and has curious hazel brown eyes.

He is lazy, which is one of the reasons why he loves flying. He gets a feeling of the futility of all earthly things when he is in the air. Even the Theater and Woman look small and insignificant viewed from the clouds.

### Seeks Success—Not Happiness

HE is jealous. He wants success—what he has had does not begin to satisfy him—he wants more of it—and more and more. He loves being an actor. He is not happy. He knows that life is futile when you consider that there is only one certainty and that one Death. But he doesn't think about it.

He has two police dogs. They are his hobbies and his pets. He never goes to parties and seldom gives them. He reads all of his press notices, reviews and the cards sent in from previews and chuckles or groans over each and every one of them. I caught him going over them. There were more chuckles and exclamations of "Splendid—splendid!" than there were groans.

His wife came into the Paramount Commissary where we were lunching and Paul arose and gallantly kissed her hand.

He envies people with children.

He is exactly what he seems to be on the screen, suave, sophisticated, a little tired, rather touching, rather naughty, young enough to be exciting and old enough to be mellow with experiences savoured and lost.

If you are in love with him on the screen you'd be more so if you met him off, wife or no wife, toupee or no toupee. These Hungarians from Budapest have a manner all their own, especially when they have the dash and bearing of Paul Lukas.

### Did You Know That—

Johnny Weismuller, the swimming champ, has been signed to play Tarzan in M-G-M's talkie version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' famous African yarn?

Ronald Colman, now vacationing in Italy, has signed a new contract with Samuel Goldwyn to make two films a year for the next five years?

Jimmie Durante will henceforth be billed as Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante because the "Schnozzle" goes over big with the youngsters?

Now that musicals are coming back, Stanley Smith—who almost became Buddy Rogers' rival—is returning to Hollywood from Broadway?

Many actors who played gangsters are now looking for jobs?

## CORNS—SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the cause —shoe friction and pressure.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**



Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions



Can the Newlyweds of Hollywood Stay Married?

(Continued from page 23)

weathered "break-ups" before matrimony. It will take more than one misunderstanding to wreck the Farrell's matrimonial barge—Virginia is so surely guiding it into calm waters with her complete understanding of Charlie's temperament.

Gable Married For Keeps?

CAN Clark Gable Stay Married? Clark recently said: "Neither my wife nor I ever expect to be married again. She is my ideal woman. I hope I never fail as her ideal man."

And Hollywood, remembering that Clark has been married before and that he is younger than his wife, sighs: "Ah. . . ."

If Clark Gable and Rita Langham can stay married, it will be a great thing brought to pass between a man, a wife and that most exacting mistress of all, Fame. The only other two men upon whom she has bestowed her hysterical favors so lavishly have been Rudolph Valentino and John Gilbert. And they could not stay married! Twice did the experiment fail for Rudy. Three times for Jack.

Perhaps time will prove that Clark Gable is to be the exception, but his marriage will have to be successful in the face of many upsetting factors—things which he may neither welcome nor want, but things which must be accepted when Fame has been wooed.

There will be constantly the spectacle of other women . . . ghostly women, lovers only through the medium of letters and messages . . . but women whose presence will be constantly there. There will be more intangible women—famous, daring, beautiful, experimental women. Women who will say, as I heard one woman say just recently: "I want that man."

Other Dangers He Must Face

THERE will be whispering, well-meaning advisers, with their ever-present philosophy of playing to the crowd: "Be happy if you must in your home, but don't let the public suspect. There are worlds to conquer yet, worlds that are only hampered by the story of happy domesticity."

There will be money . . . more money . . . big money . . . new philosophies . . . new values of life . . . invaded privacy . . . the spotlight of publicity turned upon every move . . . gossip that reads headlines into the most casual misunderstanding.

These are the problems of the Clark Gables—the most interesting of all Hollywood marriages to inspire conjecture.

Young Doug and Joan . . . Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson . . . Sue Carol and Nick Stuart . . . Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody . . . all matrimonial fledglings of the past two or three years. Can they stay married?

Only time and the depth of their love and understanding can really answer that question. All four couples are temperamentally suited to one another. That, in any other town in the world, would be enough. And perhaps, in these four cases, it will be enough in Hollywood. The odds have been with them so far!

No one ever sees Helen Twelvetrees any more—she's that content to stay home evenings. And Sally Eilers, for all her great rise in popularity, still prefers Hoot's ranch (and Hoot) to the bright-light spots. Sue and Nick have had to deny divorce rumors—but they do deny them. The younger Fairbankses are thinking of an heir or heiress.

They all want to prove that they can stay married!

8th Prize

WHY I CHANGED TO MARLBORO CONTEST

Capt. M. B. Driscoll, Washington, D. C.

So long as smoking was confined to men, it was only a habit. Since women have taken it up, smoking has become an art.

As a habit, any old cigarette would satisfy. An art, however, demands discrimination. After I had learned that smoking is social, I soon learned that the Marlboro is a social asset. Looking at smoking as a social art, I look more to the appearance and effect of the cigarette.

The Marlboro is dainty, individual; and for distinction, there is no cigarette superior to the Marlboro. It is the cigarette of Society. That is why I changed to Marlboros.

M. B. Driscoll,

...55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO

PLAIN OR IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter—a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. The beautiful tin cutter merely squashed the cake!

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined before they are advertised here.

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reproduced from any clear photograph, tintype or snapshot you mail us. No photo too large nor any snapshot too small. We guarantee return of your original photograph.

Send as many photos as you wish at this bargain price

Send No Money Simply mail us the photo, with your name and address, and in about a week you will receive a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. We will also send with the enlargement an illustrated circular describing several of our most popular frames. From this circular you can choose the frame which we are giving FREE with every enlargement ordered in colors.

Size 8x10 or 11x14 in.

Only 49¢ each

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Check Size Wanted ☐ 11x14 in. ☐ 8x10 in.

Please send no enlargements from envelope. I will pay post. on 10 photos or more. Please enclose 10¢ for each enlargement. I will return original photo.

Name

Address

Town..... State.....



# Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 47)

**JOAN BENNETT'S** *Ex*, John Martin Fox, is about to become an *Ex* again. The second Mrs. Fox, who was Polly Perkins, daughter of a well-known banker, is suing on the grounds of non-support. This is the same complaint Joan made.

Divorced twice within two years, on the same grounds, is quite a record.

**CONSTANCE BENNETT** is good and mad again and this time (for a change) it isn't the press that has aroused her ire. No, Connie is "burned" with none other than her illustrious father, Richard Bennett.

It seems that there has been a life-story of the Bennetts, accent on Constance in particular, running in a New York paper. Papa Bennett is supposed to have put his O.K. on the yarn. Connie says the entire story was fabricated out of whole cloth, Papa or no Papa.

The Bennetts are usually in some sort of a fuss, and they usually make up—so what?

**WRITER** Gene Markey was Gloria Swanson's devoted suitor before she went to Europe and met Michael Farmer.

Now that Gloria and Farmer, who was once engaged to Marilyn Miller, are back in Hollywood and very much That Way about each other, Gene might be expected to feel a little upset about it.

This is the second time the sartorial Mr. Markey has come out second-best in a Hollywood romance. He was "engaged" to Ina Claire when she eloped with John Gilbert.

By the way, Sally Blane has been going places with Mr. Markey lately.

**NO** longer can Joan Crawford complain that Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer are drawing all the good stories on the M-G-M program. Joan has been assigned Katherine Brush's "Red-Headed Woman" and what a part that is!

For the purposes of the rôle of the socially-ambitious stenographer, Joan will dye her hair back to its natural auburn shade and the picture will be shot in Technicolor.

**WHEN** December rolls around Douglas Fairbanks will be off on another one of his long jaunts.

This time Doug is traveling by airplane over South America. Director Victor Fleming and several cameramen will accompany the athletic Doug, who is far more interested in his travélogue films than any further experiments in the dramatic field.

Mary Pickford is not going along—in spite of the divorce-rumor hounds. She may join Doug later, traveling by boat.

**THE** baby of Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon, named Barbara Bebe, has the same initials to carry through life as her mother's and father's—"B.L." Bebe, Ben and Barbara Lyon—cute what?

The baby was born on Admission Day (September 9), a proud State holiday in California. "She's a true Californian," proclaimed the baby's little Spanish great-grandmother, "born on Admission Day during Fiesta Week, which celebrated the hundred and fiftieth birthday of Los Angeles."

**COLUMBIA** Pictures were successful in getting an injunction against Barbara Stanwyck and now Barbara is back at work on that lot. To all outward appearances the hatchet has been buried and things are hearts-and-flowers again.

Gossip has it that Frank Fay had as much to do with the reconciliation as the Judge and Barbara's lawyer. Frank grew awfully weary of those "cause of it all" stories which broadly hinted that he was responsible for Barbara's walk-out.

It was damaging publicity which might have had every producing company in the business down on Frank. Mrs. Fay's little boy has never been accused of being dumb!

**LIL** DAGOVER arrived in Hollywood with the usual fanfare of newspaper photographs and American Beauty roses. In keeping with all the ancient, time-worn traditions, she also gave her views on American men:

"American men are nicest," remarked Warner Brother's new German film find, "when they are around middle age. They are so kind and understanding."

According to reporters who interviewed her, Lil is not at all "bashful about herself."

She frankly informed them that she has the most beautiful back in Europe, said to be insured for twenty thousand dollars.

Like Marlene Dietrich, the Dagover has a husband in Germany and a daughter, Ava Maria Witt, ten years old. Her first American picture, "I Spy," will be directed by Michael Curtiz.

## Between friends ...and between smokes

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one... And remember always, there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

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Peppermint, Wintergreen and  
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# Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER





**HOLD-OVER Romances:**  
 Mary Brian and Russell Gleason.  
 Wynne Gibson and Roger Manning.  
 James Dunn and Molly O'Day.  
 Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd (*alias* Alison Loyd). This one went cold for a little while, but it seems to have warmed up lately.

**THE** Fox picture, "Skyline," was unreeling before the press at a studio preview. A girl, playing the rôle of a stenographer, walks into Thomas Meighan's office and leaves a note on his desk. She turns . . . just a flash . . . and she is gone again. The girl was Marjorie White, formerly featured player.  
 A couple of days later Marjorie announced that she was leaving pictures for the New York stage.

# MARRIAGES-TO-BE-EXPECTED ANY-MOMENT-NOW:

Sharon Lynn and Benjamin Glazer.  
 Ona Munson and director Ernst Lubitsch.  
 Dorothy MacKaill and Neil Miller.

**ARLINE** JUDGE and Wesley Ruggles announced their engagement to a small group of friends at a dinner party following a local football game. Wesley had lost so much money on the game that he had to take a lot of kidding as to whether or not he had enough money left to pay for the beautiful square-cut diamond Arline was wearing.  
 This romance began six months ago when the director of "Cimarron" met the pretty little girl from New York on the RKO lot where they are both under contract.  
 Incidentally, one New York paper headlined the announcement to the effect that Arline was to marry Charlie Ruggles, who is Wesley's brother.

**WHAT** with all the movie stars eloping to Las Vegas or Yuma, Arizona, in attempted "secret" ceremonies, the formal wedding of Rita La Roy to Ben Hershfield, motion picture artists' agent, was agreeably different—at least to the hard-working newspaper boys.  
 Rita and her groom not only announced the date of their wedding, but went in for ushers and bridesmaids and all the other trimmings so dear to the local writers. The ceremony took place at the Temple Israel in Hollywood and Rita's bevy of attendants included June Clyde, Sue Carol, Claudia Dell, Roberta Gale, Lita Chevret and Sally Blane. Lola Lane would have been there, too, if she hadn't been honeymooning with Lew Ayres.

**LORETTA** YOUNG appeared in court under the name of Gretchen Withers, and told the Judge all about the difficulties of her married life with Grant Withers. The basis of the divorce action was "non-sup-

port," Loretta relating many instances where Grant failed as a good provider. Once, she claimed, he made her a gift of a hundred-dollar piece of lingerie—and she was very grateful until she discovered that the garment had been charged to her personal account.  
 "I also paid all the grocery bills," she stated.  
 The pretty little ingénue was awarded her decree.

**SYLVIA** ULLBECK, Hollywood's demon masseuse, should worry if the movie stars get a "mad on" her because of those revealing articles she wrote about them. Sylvia has other plans. For one, she is planning to become a star herself—a stage star.  
 Edith Ellis, who wrote "White Collars,"

has penned a play for Sylvia, and as soon as it is whipped into final shape, the little Swede will take off for New York.  
 "Let them get mad!" scoffs Sylvia. "It is too bad that movie stars cannot bear to be painted as human beings instead of gods and goddesses!"

**WOULD** you like to know what a movie star carries in his pocket? Ramon Novarro opened an envelope sent over to him from the Turkish Bath establishment on the lot the other day and containing the contents of his suit he had left to be pressed.

Item one was a handsome gold and black cigarette case; item two, a watch, very plain; item three, a tiny gold box the size of a postage stamp, containing saccharine tablets to be used in the place of sugar at lunch; item four, a prayer book with his brother's picture pasted in the front; item five, a rosary, and item six, a cigarette lighter of gold.

**WHEN** the stars are interviewed at lunch Metro pays the lunch checks for both interviewer and player. "You'd be surprised," said the studio official who okays the checks, "how much more heartily some of the big stars eat these days!" One we interviewed recently, ordered for his dessert, two pots of coffee, two pieces of apple pie, and two helpings of ice cream—on the house!

**IT** was Jimmy Durante, a vision of superb sports outfitting who may be described as a walking example of What the Well Dressed Golfer will wear. He came from his dressing room, preceded by three flunkies each reverently carrying a new bag of expensive golf clubs. A purple limousine waited at the curb. Meeting the eye of a fellow player Jimmy looked abashed and then grinned. "I was only a cheap vaudeville actor," said Jimmy "then I ups to Hollywood, and now I'm a movie star. To de links!" he bawled, and settled back on the purple cushions.  
 This Durante, or "Schnozzle" as they



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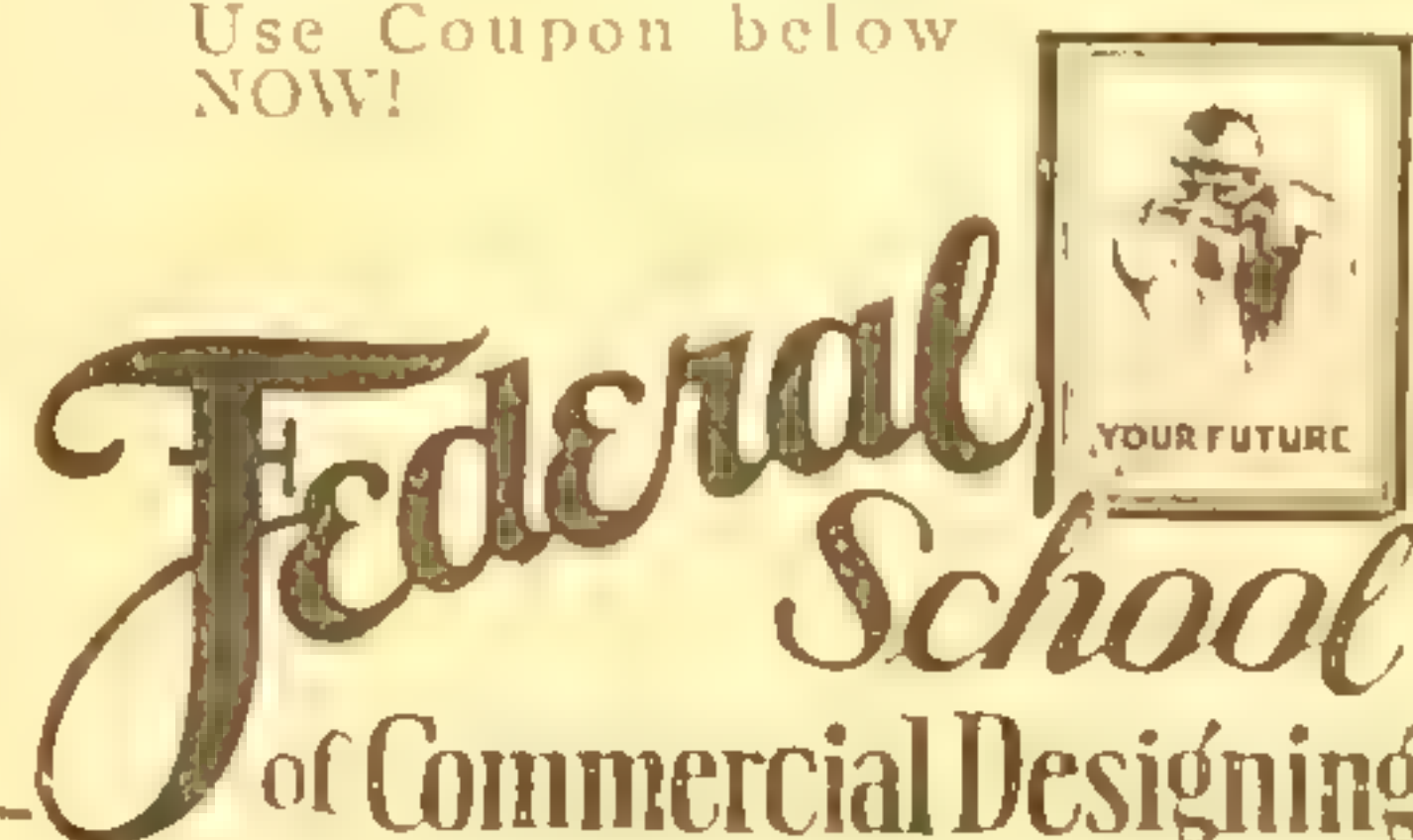
Many Federal school students and graduates—girls as well as men—are making \$2,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly—some much more. Art is a vital part of modern business—millions of dollars are paid yearly for illustrations and designs.

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## How Society Women and Stage Beauties Banish

# FAT

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SAFE  
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Once you start to take a half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast your fight on fat is WON!

Herein are the facts why Kruschen is different from and superior to other reducing treatments:

Kruschen is more than just a mere laxative salt—it's an ideal blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which not only eliminate poisons and waste accumulations but which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—which brings a marvelous degree of robust health, chic slenderness and physical attractiveness. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Bessie Evans of Jamestown, N.Y. writes: "I lost 14 lbs. before starting the second bottle of Kruschen—I am not only delighted with the big loss of fat but I feel so much stronger and healthier. I heartily recommend Kruschen to all overweight women."

Start TO-DAY to look and feel years younger. An 85c bottle of Kruschen lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading druggists thruout the world.

## KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that does it"

50 cents a box—



A New Shade  
In LABLACHE  
Face Powder

All of the exquisite charm of LABLACHE, known for over 50 years as the

FACE POWDER of QUALITY

in a shade that blends with any complexion.

Ask your Druggist for "MARGIE" the new all-complexion powder, or send to us for sample (no charge.)

BEN LEVY CO.  
125 Kingston Street  
BOSTON, MASS.

are debating calling him to catch the kid's love of a nickname, is considered one of the big bets of Hollywood at the moment. He is accompanied frequently by an individual whom he designates grandly as "me manager." "I suppose you look after Mr. Durante's investments for him?" the manager was asked. "Investments—what investments?" said the manager disgustedly. "What would he invest? He hasn't saved a red, not he! Every old bum who knew him when, every friend he ever had is welcome to what he's got!" Jimmy's check is split three ways now, his partners Jackson and Clayton getting a third each, though they are not working.

IT'S amazing how many people there are who feel they have a right to a share in movie salaries. Marie Dressler gets letters often begging for "just a tiny share of one week's check which wouldn't mean anything to you and would set me up in business for life." Buster Keaton had a letter the other day from a youth who suggested he send him a hundred a week so he could live apart from his family who didn't understand him, and study art. "Of course if you wanted to make it a hundred and fifty it would be even better," he added. Connie Bennett had a letter not long ago from a girl who said the mortgage on their house was to be foreclosed unless she sent five thousand at once. A few days later she received a brisk and reproving note, "Why don't I hear from you in answer to my letter?" it asked. "Kindly let me know at once when we can expect the money for the mortgage."

GRETA GARBO has moved again. She has lived in many houses. One of them was taken by a scenario writer who immediately issued invitations to four hundred guests for a grand house-warming. However, it never came off. We understand the host was put under observation, because he tipped with hundred dollar bills, which in a time of depression does seem eccentric to say the least!

ONE of the oddest divorce complaints we have read was that of Eleanor Hunt, against her husband Rex Lease. "He made fun of me because I studied philosophy," said the bride. Looking at Eleanor and remembering she was once the pride of the Follies, we could almost get a giggle out of it ourself!

THE speakeasies move so fast these days in Hollywood that one is never quite sure of finding one's favorite drink emporium doing business the next time he visits it. Two young writers at midnight the other night decided to stop in and have a drink at one of these select speaks. They rang the bell. No answer. They knocked. No answer. Getting more thirsty by the minute they banged on the door with fists and feet, only to fall back in horror as the door burst open and a lovely blonde movie star appeared with blazing eyes. "What do you mean by coming to my house like this?" she stormed. It appeared the speakeasy had closed one night the previous week and she had moved in the next day.

BEN LYON admits that once he used to rush off the set to call up his broker for the latest stock quotations and Wall Street figures. "Now," says Ben with a grin, "I call up home every morning for the only figures I'm interested in—the baby's weight." Miss Lyon is six weeks old now but Ben says that she is like other ladies and won't admit it. "She says she's only a month," says Barbara Bebe's daddy.

AS SCENARIO writer tells this on himself, proving that Greta has a sense of humor. She used to pass the window of his office on her way to the stage every morning, and always glanced inside. He returned her glance eloquently, and flattered himself that she was beginning to fall under the influence of his charms, a feeling heightened when one morning she half stopped and almost smiled. Rushing hatless out of the office he followed Garbo along the walk, saw her glance coquettishly back, and let a letter drop from her fingers before going into the stage. With wildly beating heart he ran to pick it up—an invitation from Garbo perhaps, or, at the very least, a tender note. But instead he found himself staring down at the heading of a local Mineral Water Company. "Dear Miss Garbo," the letter ran, "May we call your attention to our superior service in furnishing table water."

MR. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice (Diana Kane), Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), John Gilbert, William Haines, Hedda Hopper and several others were jointly hosts at the big party which welcomed Marion Davies back to Hollywood after six months in Europe. And what a party! It started off the Hollywood Fall social season with a zest.

One hundred and sixty-eight close friends of Marion's were invited to the Indian Room at the Ambassador Hotel. The elaborate suite had been transformed into a bit of the Old West. There was sawdust on the floor and the orchestra men were disguised as cowboys.

This party had been so ballyhooed in the newspapers that it was necessary for the hotel management to rope off an aisle in the lobby so that the distinguished guests would not have to fight their way through the crowd that had begun to arrive as early as four o'clock in the afternoon.

Billie Dove got a great big "ah" from the crowd when she appeared in the foyer to be photographed with John Gilbert. Billie's gown was daring, to say the least. The waist of Billie's gown was composed more of oodles of pearls and a corsage than of material. Pearls must be coming back, girls. Ina Claire, who arrived with Joel McCrea, wore plenty of them, too. Ina's gown was of white satin.

Constance Bennett is one of the few movie stars who does not believe it necessary to appear in a different gown at every social event. Connie wore the same blue dress and ermine jacquette she had worn to the premiere of "Devotion." Joan Marsh, wearing her Wampas Baby Star debut gown, arrived with Charles (Buddy) Rogers. Lily Damita was in black elaborately trimmed with fur. Marion, the guest of honor, was in white satin with a red velvet jacket trimmed with ermine.

THIS is an apology. We're always sorry to do any actor an injustice.

Several months ago, we pointed out under the caption of "the funniest sight of the month" the fact that Montagu Love had walked into the Embassy Club waiting-room, which was crowded with women, selected the only remaining chair and seated himself while his wife stood at his side.

A very charming note from Monty's very charming wife explains and corrects what we misunderstood as discourtesy.

"... had you known that it was really Monty's first day out of bed after three months of the flu, I am sure you would not have cast such an aspersion on his seemingly unchivalrous action. It was I who insisted he take the chair..."

Sorry, Monty!



## Why Chaplin Is a Genius —Science of Faciology Tells You

(Continued from page 49)

### Why John Gilbert Has Hunches

JOHN GILBERT'S prominent round-ended nose—sharper than Will Rogers'—attracts the attention of the character-reader. If you have this type of nose, you are poetic, philosophical, intuitive, art-loving and fun-loving. If you have followed the hectic fortunes of John Gilbert on the screen and in private life, you will see that these characteristics made him a star on the screen and spoiled his domestic life. This does not mean that if you have this type of nose, you cannot find happiness in domesticity; but it does mean that you'll have to curb your tendency to be a playfellow to do so.

John Gilbert admitted to me that he is all of the things that his strongest feature betokens, especially as to his strong hunches or intuitions. If you have this rounding, ball-pointed nose, don't overlook your hunches. You'll often be called strange and erratic, as John is—but you'll be forgiven much, as he is, for your ability to cheer others when they are in difficulties.

People who have prominent eyes like Joan Crawford's have a wonderful command of words and music, make good linguists, and are good story-tellers. Also, they are sensitive—almost super-sensitive.

Richard Barthelmess looks like a picture from the title page of "When Knighthood Was In Flower." The strong chin marks him as a natural defender of distressed womanhood, and as a man able to take care of himself among other men. The dimpled cleft in the chin modifies the combativeness of his face somewhat—but doesn't take away your assurance that he is the type who could be depended upon in a crisis.

### Jean's Promising Eyebrows

JEAN HARLOW is the type of woman that has gone down through the ages as the calm centers of emotional storms. This type always has and always will appeal to man's protective instinct—looking passionate and keeping cool. Note the sharp curve of Jean's eyebrows—high at the outer edges, much lower at the nose, with which they shape a well-defined "Y." Like the ancient Greek sculptors, Jean has an amazing genius for form—a genius which, in her case, allows her to visualize just how she will look in any pose she takes. She could be a sculptress if she chose, even though it may never have entered her mind to try.

Marlene Dietrich has an artistic and musical face. Note the ears as an outstanding feature. Marlene's ear is like that used in the advertisement: "Have you an ear for music?" She has—and so have you, if your ears are similar. Marlene likes bits of music in her pictures. Remember that she sang tauntingly in "Morocco" and played a sinister piano solo in "Dishonored?" Just looking at her, you'd expect her to move rhythmically.

So, you see, no matter what your features may be, those particular strong ones that are most unusual for your general type are the ones that give greatest promise for your development into an outstanding personality on or off the screen. See the best films that you can and study those stars whose success seems to depend on a feature, such as we have noted in this article. Pick one whose strongest feature is similar to your own. This will help you to know yourself—and, if you take another lesson from the stars, you'll be yourself. Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

# FREE • Margery Wilson's "CHARM-TEST"

What are your sins against charm? Are you self-conscious? Do you lack poise? Do you fail to express your personality vividly, glamorously? Do you know how to make people like you? Send for the "Charm-Test" . . . and find the key to personal triumph.



MARGERY WILSON

America's authority on Charm whose advice on this subject has been sought by the socially prominent as well as by actresses of note, and whose fascinating book called "Charm" is used as a text in exclusive finishing schools. Would you like to have Margery Wilson tell you, personally, how to develop your own natural charm? Send for her interesting "Charm-Test".

ARE you one of those charming persons whom everybody likes to know? Are you always invited places, just because others enjoy your company so much? Does interest quicken when you step into a room, as if the very air were charged with the vibrant force of your gracious personality? Do you, in short, possess that most precious of all human qualities, CHARM?

Perhaps you envy those glamorous personalities you sometimes meet . . . on the screen, for instance. You are thrilled and uplifted as they weave the spell of their enchantment upon you. Just to watch them is a refreshing and stimulating experience. They have won the world by the sheer force of beautiful self-expression.

But did you know that these fascinating stars have consciously and deliberately developed their personal charm, as everyone must do who would be admired and loved. Did you know that there are certain simple, definite rules and principles by which you can become ever so much more charming?

## Famous Directors and Screen Stars Say

### Tributes of Distinguished People

Charm is necessary for success everywhere. Read Margery Wilson's book if you would learn its secrets.

WESLEY RUGGLES  
(Director "Cimarron")

Anything that impresses a person with the importance of charm is invaluable. I don't see how anyone interested in life can afford not to read your book.

D. W. GRIFFITH  
(The Great Master)

To capture the elusive spirit of "Charm" and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power. My sincere compliments.

NORMA SHEARER

You are dealing with a subject close to every woman's heart and you have handled it delightfully.

MARY PICKFORD

All you pretty, charming little girls who want to come to Hollywood—you will be more charming after you have learned Margery Wilson's method—and its conception of red-blooded manhood appeals to me.

JAMES CRUZE

You have given a golden prescription. You have solved the true mysteries of charm and shown that it is as available to the homely, the poor, the ignorant and the old as to the beautiful, the rich, the sophisticated and the young. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its mystic powers.

RUPERT HUGHES

Your secrets of charm are priceless, and will indeed be a help to everyone who is interested in the subject, and who is not?

BETTY COMPTON

I wish that everyone in the world might have the benefit of the knowledge this book imparts. The chapter on conversation is alone worth many times the price of the volume.

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Margery Wilson's "Charm" is all that the title implies, and more.

RUTH CHATTERTON

You have covered the subject excellently, giving a sensible cultivation of charm rather than resorting to vague theories.

MARY LEWIS  
(Metropolitan Opera)

that Margery Wilson's method of charm cultivation is the way to social, financial and professional success. Margery Wilson, herself one of America's loveliest and most lovable women, is recognized as an authority on this vital subject of Charm. She has made a lifelong study of it; including a text book that is used today in exclusive finishing schools. She has won a great personal success, on the screen and in society. She knows all the secrets by which the dramatic stars and the distinguished social leaders enhance their charm.

Now Miss Wilson offers to teach you how to develop your own natural charm. First send for the Charm-Test, so that Miss Wilson may study you as an individual. Then learn how easily you can overcome your faults . . . how you can rid yourself once and for all of any feeling of self-consciousness, diffidence or "inferiority" . . . how you may give free and glorious expression to your inner personality . . . how to be perfectly poised and at ease on every occasion . . . how to walk beautifully . . . how to gesture gracefully and expressively . . . how to be a charming conversationalist (even though you are not a "good talker") . . . how to be always sure of doing and saying the right thing . . . how to employ some of the delightful little French "tricks" of manner that are so fascinating.

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# TEN SECOND REVIEWS

## The Age For Love

Billie Dove returns to the screen—lovelier than ever, and a better actress—as a woman who wants to have both a career and a home-life. Billie enlivens an overworked story. (U. A.)

## Alexander Hamilton

George Arliss takes the part of a young man—and scores his greatest triumph. He is the young hero of Colonial history whose life was filled with drama and intrigue. (W. B.)

## An American Tragedy

Theodore Dreiser's powerful novel about weak youth loses some of its force in its screen version, but should not be missed. Phillips Holmes is a bit wooden as the hero; Sylvia Sidney is very real as his victim. (Par.)

## The Arizona Terror

Ken Maynard pursues—and gets pursued—all over the landscape, with the result you expect. Just another Western. (Tiffany)

## Bad Girl

Vina Delmar's story of the young couple whose love was almost wrecked by parenthood becomes a moving little movie, in which Sally Eilers is the girl and James Dunn—a sensational newcomer—is the young husband. (Fox)

## The Bargain

Lewis Stone changes jobs with his son (John Darrow), and each learns he has made a mistake. Interesting, but slow. (F. N.)

## The Big Gamble

A racketeer makes Bill Boyd insure himself for a big sum, and then gives him a year to live. Thrills from start to finish. (RKO-Pathe)

## Blonde Crazy

James Cagney and Joan Blondell team up to part the trusting from their cash, and the result is a crook picture that's both dramatic and amusing and has a courageous ending. (W. B.)

## The Brat

Sally O'Neil, away from the screen two years, makes a spirited comeback as the street waif who reforms the wealthy family that adopts her. (Fox)

## Business and Pleasure

A Yankee steel magnate goes abroad and has some far-fetched adventures. Not up to Will Rogers' usual standard. (Fox)

## A Dangerous Affair

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves get together and treat you to a melodrama that has everything from comedy to thrills. One is a police lieutenant and the other a reporter—and they're out to solve a murder mystery. (Col.)

## Daughter of the Dragon

Dr. Fu Manchu passes on, but leaves his daughter to carry out a bit of vengeance. Notable chiefly because it brings back Chinese Anna May Wong and Japanese Sessue Hayakawa. (Par.)

## The Dreyfus Case

The most sensational treason case in modern history becomes the subject of an absorbing picture. Made in England, with Cedric Hardwicke a realistic Dreyfus. (Col.)

## East of Borneo

A cast-off wife follows her physician-husband to the South Seas, and there attracts the attention of a native prince. Spectacular jungle melodrama, featuring Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford. (Univ.)

## Expensive Women

Surprising the customers, Dolores Costello briefly returns to the screen as a glamorous woman of affairs. (W. B.)

## Fanny Foley, Herself

Edna May Oliver as a vaudeville headliner whose two daughters are a bit ashamed of her. More heart-throbs than humor, which isn't what you expect. All in color. (RKO)

## Fifty Fathoms Deep

Adventure far below sea level, with Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell involved. Unusual. (Col.)

## Five-Star Final

Exposing the methods that scandal sheets sometimes use to boost their circulations. Powerful and bitter, with Edward G. Robinson convincing as an editor who swallows his conscience. (F. N.)

## Friends and Lovers

Lily Damita, Adolphe Menjou, Eric von Stroheim and Laurence Olivier (a promising newcomer) try to settle that bothersome question: Is friendship between men stronger than love for a woman? Jumbled melodrama. (RKO)

## The Gay Diplomat

The old story of the intriguing adventurer, played with a bit more dash than usual by Ivan Lebedeff. (RKO)

## Graft

Regis Toomey, as a cub reporter, solves a murder mystery and ends a political scandal. It moves fast. (Univ.)

## The Guardsman

The most sophisticated comedy of the year, and boasting the best acting. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, from the stage, enact the story of the jealous husband who disguised himself and made love to his own wife. (M-G-M)

## Guilty Hands

Executing a "perfect" crime, Lionel Barrymore almost gets away with it. Packed with suspense, with an ending that will tear you out of your seat. (M-G-M)

## Huckleberry Finn

Mark Twain's great story of boyhood suffers considerable revision, but Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan manage to make it entertaining just the same. (Par.)

## I Like Your Nerve

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., down in Central America, kidnaps a girl who has already been kidnaped. Breezier than young Doug's usual rôles—and, on the whole, disappointing. (F. N.)

## Lasca of the Rio Grande

A triangle story built around a Mexican dancer, a Texas ranger, and a mucho bad Mexican. There's more local color than excitement, and only Dorothy Burgess stands out. (Univ.)

## The Last Flight

Four ex-aviators try to forget the war in company with Helen Chandler. Three meet with accidents, until only Richard Barthelmess is left. It might have been an excellent study of post-war emotions if it hadn't become a melodrama. (F. N.)

## The Mad Genius

Again, John Barrymore hides that romantic profile, appearing this time as a bitter, crippled dancing master who wrecks the lives of two young lovers. Sombre, but fascinating. (W. B.)

## The Mad Parade

A glimpse of women in the front-line trenches, with nary a man in sight. Unusual, but unreal. Evelyn Brent, Louise Fazenda and Irene Rich top the cast. (Par.)

## Merely Mary Ann

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a little opus about a boarding-house maid-of-all-work and a struggling young composer. For those who like their movies sentimental. (Fox)

## Murder at Midnight

Alice White returns to the screen in a small rôle in this mystery thriller, in which there are four murders—no more, no less. (Tiffany)

## My Sin

Tallulah Bankhead struggles with another trite story (this time about a lady with a dance-hall past) and proves she is one of the screen's best actresses. (Par.)

## Pagan Lady

As a Havana barmaid who teams up with rum-runner Charles Bickford, instead of missionary Conrad Nagel, Evelyn Brent does a potent bit of smoldering. (Col.)

## Penrod and Sam

Two typical American youngsters, as imagined by Booth Tarkington and played by Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan. As human as it is humorous. (F. N.)

## Personal Maid

Nancy Carroll rises above her surroundings despite the fact that she listens to her conscience. Nancy is much better than the story. (Par.)

## The Phantom of Paris

Wearing a Van Dyke beard and doing all sorts of other mysterious things, John Gilbert makes this his best talkie. (M-G-M)



Platinum Blonde

John Hawley loses a girl and finds a girl. Robert Williams, a breezy reporter, who does his best to get along with her. Amusing. (Col.)

Rebound

Ina Claire marries Robert Ames, who also is on the "rebound" from a previous romance—and their marriage is One Of Those Things. It's witty and wise, and not for children. (RKO-Pathé)

Riders of the Purple Sage

A talkative revival of Zane Grey's famous yarn, which has a stampede, a pistol duel in a courtroom, and a forest fire for thrills. George O'Brien is the hard-riding hero. (Fox)

The Road to Singapore

For a change, William Powell is in the South Seas instead of swanky hotels—but he still loves another man's wife (Doris Kenyon this time). Slow, but interesting. (W. B.)

Secrets of a Secretary

Some more misadventures befall Claudette Colbert on the fringe of society. Not important, but you'll like Claudette—as well as newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa. (Par.)

Secret Service

Richard Dix treats you to some mystery and suspense, as only he can do it. Good melodrama. (RKO)

Shanghaied Love

If you like blood-and-thunder stories, here's a good one—all about romance and mutiny on a tramp steamer. Richard Cromwell, Sally Blane and Noah Beery are on hand. (Col.)

Side Show

Substituting for an entire troupe of circus "tricks," Winnie Lightner proves that she's not only a comedienne, but a great mimic. (W. B.)

The Sidewalks of New York

Buster Keaton, as a well-dressed landlord, tries to collect his own rents in a tough tenement district. It's slapstick, but good slapstick. (M-G-M)

Silence

The story of a man who is silently going to the electric chair for another man's crime, acted out intensely by Clive Brook. (Par.)

Smart Woman

Mary Astor retrieves her husband from a gold-digger, with the help of amusing Edward Everett Horton. Horton saves it from being dull. (RKO)

The Sin of Madelon Claudet

Helen Hayes, of stage fame, comes to the screen in a sad little story of mother-love. Here is some real acting, if not a great movie. (M-G-M)

The Spider

While magician Edmund Lowe is holding forth on the stage, a murder occurs in the theater. He solves the mystery with some exciting tricks. (Fox)

The Squaw Man

Cecil de Mille makes a strong talkie of the story about the exiled Englishman who "marries" an Indian girl. Warner Baxter is fine as the hero, and Lupe Velez is even better as the tragic, inarticulate squaw. (M-G-M)

The Star Witness

A law-abiding family witnesses a gang murder, but are cowed into silence—all except Gran'pa, played for all the part is worth by Chic Sale. The most human gangster picture of all. (W. B.)

Street Scene

The biggest thing that Hollywood has done since "All Quiet." It's a vivid cross-section of life in a crowded city street, with Sylvia Sydney and Estelle Taylor standing out in a great cast. (U. A.)

The Struggle

Life among the downtrodden masses, as powerfully depicted by D. W. Griffith, who has gathered together a convincing cast from the stage. You'll like Zita Johann. (U. A.)

This Modern Age

Handicapped by having an immoral mother, Joan Crawford almost goes to the depths, herself. Joan at her best, perhaps to prove she has outgrown this sort of thing. (M-G-M)

The Unholy Garden

Ronald Colman returns to the adventure type of story, and you see some entertaining heroism and villainy in a bleak African outpost. (U. A.)

Waterloo Bridge

The tragic romance of a young soldier and a girl of the London streets, beautifully acted by Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke. One of the year's best pictures. (Univ.)

West of Broadway

Returning from the war a disillusioned man, John Gilbert marries Lois Moran and almost fails to make the best of his bargain. An odd rôle for our John. (M-G-M)

Wicked

Elissa Landi becomes a mother in prison, has her child taken from her, and then, upon her release, is desperate until she finds the child. The women might enjoy it, but not the men. (Fox)

Women Go On Forever

Clara Kimball Young, long a star in silent days, returns to the screen in the unexpected rôle of landlady of a dramatic boarding-house. (Tiffany)

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## The Headline Career of John Gilbert—1922-1931

(Continued from page 25)

colony, attempts to commit suicide by inhaling gas in kitchen. Found by friend later with note and photo of John Gilbert clasped in hand.

May 12, 1929—Rumored that alleged good friends of Gilbert are wagering that marriage will not last the year.

May 22, 1929—Gene Markey guest of Gilberts at Beverly home.

July 21, 1929—Gilbert and Miss Claire start on honeymoon to Paris together. Will be gone three months.

Sept. 5, 1929—Gilbert cables denial from Paris of rift in married life. Says report caused by their separation at a French resort, "utterly ridiculous."

Oct. 12, 1929—Returns from three months abroad. Explains "separation" story by saying he took auto ride alone at night.

Oct. 15, 1929—Reported to have lost considerable of his fortune in stock market crash.

Oct. 19, 1929—"His Glorious Night," Gilbert's first talkie opens. Voice doesn't register well. Audience giggles.

Nov. 20, 1929—Gilbert and bride of several months begin temporary separation. Move into separate houses. Says this is on account of Ina's twenty trunks and carpeting which must be done.

Feb. 1, 1930—Director says Gilbert has chance to make good in talkies in "Gentleman's Fate." Voice all right if given chance.

Feb. 11, 1930—Jim Tully worsts Gilbert in fist fight at Brown Derby restaurant. Fight aftermath of enmity aroused by magazine article written by author two years ago.

Feb. 13, 1930—Gilbert says he "isn't licked yet." Results will be different if he and Tully meet again.

Feb. 21, 1930—Tully and Gilbert shake hands at party given by Herman Mankiewicz, scenario writer.

Mar. 9, 1930—Gilbert will not play in Chaplin silent pictures.

Mar. 22, 1930—Ina Claire back with Jack in his house.

Aug. 27, 1930—Ina Claire goes to New York to appear in "The Royal Family." Denies separation from Gilbert.

Feb. 14, 1931—Gilbert fails to meet wife at station upon her return from New York. Off playing tennis. Miss Claire announces they have agreed to separate.

July 19, 1931—Ina Claire files suit for divorce. Claims her husband said she had "too much intellect." Asks on grounds of mental cruelty.

July 22, 1931—Gilbert reported to be devoted admirer of Hawaiian princess. Paying ardent court.

Aug. 5, 1931—Divorce granted to wife.

Aug. 7, 1931—Gilbert and Marjorie King reported to be "that way." Hawaiian princess romance off.

Aug. 9, 1931—Gilbert described in newspaper story as "most wretched man in world. Has salary of \$500,000 yearly, has youth and fame. Had an international romance with the most famous woman in the world, domestic life with a glowing beauty. When talkies came he was on top of world with ten million women admirers."

Sept. 13, 1931—Gilbert and Miss Claire going places together. "Certainly we are divorced, we are just good friends," says Gilbert.

Oct. 15, 1931—Gilbert arrives in New York en route to Europe for a three-months' vacation. Reporters note that Lupe Vélez traveled overland on same train and also is headed abroad. Still another romance

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF MOVIE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for October 1st, 1931. State of ILLINOIS, County of COOK. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared STANLEY V. GIBSON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of MOVIE CLASSIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Stanley V. Gibson, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., the stockholders of which are Robert E. Canfield, 15 William Street, New York, N. Y., as Voting Trustee (Silver Screen Publications, Inc., Equitable Owners) and Silver Screen Publications, Inc., c/o William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y. The stockholders of Silver Screen Publications, Inc., are William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y., Mrs. E. V. Brewster, Great Neck, N. Y., Henry L. Terhune, 1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.) STANLEY V. GIBSON, PUBLISHER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1931. Shirley Banks. My commission expires April 29th, 1935.)

## Are You Up-to-date About Billie Dove

(Continued from page 50)

She has no patience whatsoever with women who announce they are dieting and at the same moment help themselves to another spoonful of whipped cream. She doesn't play Bridge.

Ten-course dinners do not appeal to Billie. But she doesn't like dinner without dessert, and she never worries about keeping thin. She doesn't take cream in her coffee.

Noisy people and affected people are not on her list of friends. She has an aversion to stained teeth, and feels very much the same way about crawly bugs.

She doesn't like to let other people wrap her Christmas packages or address her Christmas cards. She doesn't let her secretary answer her fan mail if she can possibly find time to do it herself.

Billie doesn't like people who don't like dogs, but she herself is not very fond of any breed except Scotch terriers, which she adores.

### People She Doesn't Like

SHE doesn't like people who tell lies and people who are grouchy in the morning. She would rather not make plans too far ahead. Banquets and long speeches are among her pet abominations, which also include trashy novels, broken fingernails, and scratchy pens.

She doesn't like to change servants often, and has no trouble keeping her servants for long periods. There are not many foods that she dislikes. She hates to find the morning paper missing, and doesn't like to rush out of the house without any breakfast. She doesn't like a disordered room, or a dull gray morning. She never gets up until eight o'clock between pictures, and never later than quarter of seven during a picture. It never takes her less than an hour and a quarter to bathe, dress, and put on her make-up.

She is not happy when she has to make a personal appearance, and she does not think it is wise for an actress to make them. She does not like long auto rides, empty fountain pens, or telephone booths, and she hates berets on men.

She doesn't like to see a married couple quarreling in public. She does not talk about her own late marriage to director Irvin Willat.

She is not superstitious.

She can't bear to play diplomats' wives on the screen, and can't bear to remember when she did play them. She has never been as happy in her work as she is under the management of Howard Hughes.

She doesn't allow any publicity to be sent out unless she sees and approves of it.

Nobody can give Billie Dove instructions in the art of keeping her own counsel. Her romance with Howard Hughes, now reported extinct, and the rumored current one with rancher Robert Keniston, have had no light shed upon them by Billie.

She doesn't trust everybody, and she needs no assistance in protecting herself against people.

In short, Billie is not so dumb.

### Have You Heard That--

Jeanette MacDonald, who will be with Chevalier in his next two films, is all set to go to Paris next spring to sing (in French) in the title rôle of "The Merry Widow"?

Olive Borden is playing the rôle of a screen star in the stage play, "Louder, Please"?

Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll will be together for the fourth time in their next picture?

Bert Lahr, star of "Flying High" doesn't like Hollywood? (Says you have to please too many people.)

## New Beauty Discovery



**RAE JUVENAY** now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly evacuates the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

The Rae Juvenay suction cup is also the finest facial exerciser known. What the calisthenics of exercising does for the body, Rae Juvenay does for the face. It breaks down surplus fat cells and draws up the blood supply to quickly carry them away and leave more graceful facial contours. For the undernourished skin, it likewise helps to build up new and healthier tissues by speeding up the blood flow into the finest capillaries.

It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvenay cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only \$2.50. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. **HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES, 575 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.**

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From any Part You Wish Reduced. A New And Safe Way. No Exercise, Bathing, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary

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a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. **THIN-O-CREME** has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. **THIN-O-CREME**, a product of modern science, a creme-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears. **THIN-O-CREME** sinks deep into the skin and acts as an agent in the removal

of fatty matter without any inconvenience. **Limited Special Offer!** **THIN-O-CREME**, large jar, at specially reduced price of only \$1.95.

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Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of **THIN-O-CREME** with directions. I agree to pay postman \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

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# Movie Classic's Letter Page

(Continued from page 8)

sonality, Clark Gable. At last, Hollywood has found an actor who can play opposite Garbo without seeming like a schoolboy. Give him a great big hand in your wonderful magazine and please give us lots of photographs of him.

LEDA FICETOLI,  
Chicago Heights, Ill.

•••

## Every Maiden's Prayer

**H**AVE just secured a copy of your most charming magazine, *MOVIE CLASSIC*. It is very interesting from cover to cover—never dull—and I've instructed my news-dealer to reserve a copy for me every month.

Believe I'll try for one of the monthly prizes. Wait until I rub my rabbit's foot for luck. Here goes:

Every Maiden's Prayer  
For a Man With—  
Ramon Novarro's charm  
John Gilbert's fire  
Paul Lukas' sincerity  
Warner Baxter's hair  
Doug Senior's smile  
Maurice Chevalier's lips  
Clive Brook's reserve  
George O'Brien's physique  
and  
Lawrence Tibbett's voice.  
Amen.

J. WASSO, JR.

•••

## Harpo's Fate

**T**HERE'S fate for you. Harpo Marx was only one of thousands when he tried to get into silent pictures. He could only secure a minor part. However, now that the screen has found its voice, it is the voiceless one of the Marx quartette who is the outstanding comic of the four. His film career must be the greatest paradox in screen history.

M. STEVENSON,  
Cleveland, O.

•••

## Straight Stuff

**Y**OU give your readers information straight from the shoulder. I am going to give you my opinion straight from the shoulder. Your magazine is simply charming! It possesses a certain something which other magazines of its kind lack and that is a frank and entertaining way of letting people know what's what. And you can give your readers credit for one thing—the ability of knowing a good magazine when they see one.

LILLIE KAUFMAN,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

•••

## Thalia Reigns Supreme

**I** AM not a rabid picture fan. I am a woman who allows herself only a modicum of time for the theater and its attendant publications. I do not try to know all the everbudding new players and there are any number of veterans whom I have never seen.

But I have rules which I hold inviolate: I must go to smile over Charlie Chaplin, to chuckle over Marie Dressler and Polly Moran and to simply scream over the Marx Brothers. I make it my business to witness all their excellent performances.

Yes, it is Thalia, the comic muse, who reigns supreme with me. Like everyone else I cannot afford to miss an opportunity to laugh. "The merrier the heart, the longer the life."

However, Melpomene, the tragic muse,

has her share of adulation when I see an occasional Arliss, Barrymore, or Garbo film.

But, I say, long live Thalia!

BEATRICE B. COLIN,  
Worcester, Mass.

•••

## Sylvia's Mistake

**W**HY do writers keep assuming that Clara Bow is down? She has been sick, yes, but never down. Ask her fans.



Wide World

Elissa Landi was met on her arrival in London by her husband, Mr. John Lawrence, prominent London barrister. After a year's absence it must have been quite a treat to have the Missus back with him, even if it is only for a brief stay

Then get Einstein to help you and just try to count those fans.

Of her two successors, I admire Peggy Shannon. She is a wonderful actress, beautiful, modest and lovely. Miss Shannon is also discreet and silent.

Sylvia Sidney also may be good, but after she told the press what she thought was wrong with Clara Bow, I was disappointed in her—as if anything was wrong with Clara Bow, and as if it became Miss Sidney to say so if there was. Many a rival actress has deplored the fact that there was not half enough wrong with Clara.

You don't hear Miss Bow criticising her successors or any other actress.

O, well, don't feel too badly about it, Sylvia. Perhaps it was just a slip of the tongue and we won't hold it against you this time. We all make mistakes. Better luck next time.

M. B. B.,  
Taft, Cal.

## That Spells an Excellent Magazine

**M**Y first reading of your magazine *MOVIE CLASSIC*, makes me want to tell the whole world what I think about it. My dear Mr. and Mrs. America, I want to tell you that *MOVIE CLASSIC*, with its vivid character sketches and wealth of motion picture news is simply the most marvelous magazine ever placed on the market.

Comedy and tragedy have their places all through its colorful pages.

I am an earnest purchaser for many reasons. It satisfies old and young due to the variety of useful material. It is fair to those alluded to and wins the hearts of the fans. It is unbiased and excellency is the only word that applies to

My, yours, our *MOVIE CLASSIC*.  
MAXINE J. STICKLE,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

•••

## Likes Our Pictures

**W**HOOPEE! That sure was great. I just finished going through the new *MOVIE CLASSIC*. I have several other movie magazines, but *MOVIE CLASSIC* sure has them all beat by a mile. I especially like the gravure sections, crammed full of lovely photographs. I usually clip out my favorites and these sections sure add to my picture collection.

ORA MAE YOUCK,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

•••

## Knows We're the Best

**M**OVIE CLASSIC—and how! It's the best magazine I've read in many years and I know because I've taken them all. *MOVIE CLASSIC* beats them all. It has everything that all the other movie magazines have combined.

I would like to put in a word or two for George O'Brien. He goes to the head of the class when it comes to acting in Western pictures. I would hate to see him dressed up in a tuxedo acting in one of those silly up-to-date romances because he belongs in the great out-door pictures.

MELVIE KAUPPI,  
Hancock, Mich.

•••

## More Bouquets

**I** LIKE *MOVIE CLASSIC*'s short and pleasant come-to-the-point interviews. It sure is different than any other magazine on the market. The news and gossip are written very chatty and are the real stuff.

Good luck to the best magazine in the field—*MOVIE CLASSIC*!

HILDA KURZ,  
New York, N. Y.

•••

## Another Pleased Customer

**R**ETURNED from the corner drug store with a copy of your new magazine—*MOVIE CLASSIC*—about two hours ago and if you are a good guesser you know that I've been between the two covers of your smart movie book because I found it very interesting. I must admit it is the best ten-cent magazine that can be bought.

Your selection of photographs for your picture sections is just what I wanted. I enjoyed the Tabloid stories because they tell the story without a lot of words and make snappy and easy reading.

Mrs. EDW. G. T.,  
Cleveland, O.



# twice the beauty

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if you use

# princess pat

the  
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almond base  
makes it  
different.



Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not “powdery.”

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried “the powder with the almond base.”

**A Difference With a Reason.** So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

**And Your Skin is Actually Improved.** Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* “twice the beauty” from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason,

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It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

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Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

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Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

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